THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLIV. No. 1122 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	253
THE CHALLENGE TO THE WEST	255
MARGATE'S "FAMOUS VICTORY." By Norman MacKenzie	256
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	256
THE BUILDERS. By Reginald Reynolds	257
THIS ENGLAND	258
AMERICA'S JAPANESE DILEMMA. By Ruchi Inagaki	258
SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN—II. By Mervyn Jones	258
VAGROM MEN. By C. H. Rolph	259
WRITERS IN THE U.S.S.R. By Naomi Mitchison	260
THE LAWS OF SCIENCE. By Terence McLaughlin	261
INTERVIEW. By Brian Gardner	262
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
EDINBURGH FESTIVAL:	
Drama. By T. C. Worsley	262
Music. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	262
The Movies. By Gavin Lambert	263
Television Notes. By Roger Manvell	264
CORRESPONDENCE	265
From Leonard Woolf; A. E. Coppard; A. S. Horsley; K. Zilliacus; J. E. Mortimer; Sidney Shore; Adrian Brunel; Joan Hill; Doreen Marston.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	267
THE HUNTER. By Sheila Wingfield	268
EPITAPH FOR GEORGE. By Richard Murphy	268
REVIEWS:	Page
Totalwarmanship. By R. H. S. Crossman	268
The Arch-symbolist. By Kathleen Raine	270
Sporting the Leek. By Elaine Morgan	270
A Classic of Penology. By C. H. Rolph	270
New Novels. By George D. Painter	271
Chance. By Anthony Barnett	271
SHORTER REVIEWS	272
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	272
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	273
CHESS. By Assiac	273
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-Square	274

False Dilemma for Scientists

THE REV. THOMAS MALTHUS, dead these 118 years, has been reincarnated at this year's meeting of the British Association. In the person of Professor A. V. Hill, occupying the presidential chair, he has raised his ghostly voice about the dire consequences of the multiplying population. And just as the clerk in Holy Orders found himself misquoted to justify the inevitability of poverty by those who controlled the wealth of the Industrial Revolution, so will the professor, Nobel Prize-winner and world-famous physiologist, find his pronouncements cited and misconstrued by reactionaries. His arguments will be used not against the "improvident poor" in England but against needy nations.

Taking as his theme "The Ethical Dilemma of Science," Professor Hill relegated to a secondary place the atomic bomb, biological warfare and the secrecy which is corrupting the free discussion of science. Declaring the gravest of the world's problems to be the unrestricted growth of population, he posed as the "dilemma" the fact that all the impulses of humanity, dictates of religion and traditions of medicine insist that curable disease should be cured and preventible disease prevented. Yet the advances of science—in improved sanitation, avoidance of epidemics, lowering of infantile mortality and the prolongation of the span of life—are accelerating the rate of man's increase. He quoted, for instance, the 5 million a year increase in India and the fact that current Plans will barely restore India's miserable pre-war standard of life. "There is much discussion of human rights," he said. "Do they extend to unlimited reproduction, with a consequent obligation on those more careful?"

> Suppose it were certain now that the pressure of increasing population uncontrolled by disease would lead, not only to widespread exhaustion of the soil and other capital resources, but also to increasing international tension and disorder, making it hard for civilisation itself to survive, would the majority of humane and reasonable people then change their minds? If ethical principles deny our right to do evil in order that good may come, are we justified in doing good when the foreseeable consequence is evil?

This "scientific" argument will provide all the excuses needed by those who want to escape from the "obligation on those more careful" to relieve the poverty and misery of the people of the under-developed territories and who want to discourage the humanitarian efforts of organisations like the U.N. Children's Fund. But is it scientific? And where is the ethical dilemma? A biologist may demand family planning, but his scientific responsibility lies in finding a simple and safe method of contraception. He may then, if he likes, denounce on grounds of simple arithmetic (to quote Professor Hill) the Roman Catholic Church, which has barred the World Health Organisation from any consideration of birth-control.

The dilemma for the scientist is not an ethical but a technical one. Indiscriminate reproduction is itself a consequence of poverty and ignorance. To make limitation of population a pre-condition of scientific or technical assistance is a fallacy because the reverse is true. To be able to develop the natural resources of the under-developed countries and release the innate capacities of the people, mass-diseases must be controlled. The problem for the scientist is how to feed the lives thus saved until limitation of births begins to operate. And the problem is not insuperable; at least, the dilemma is one for statesmen and not for scientists. They, if authorised, can provide the answers.

For instance, in Malthus-ridden India, only 43 per cent. of the land is cultivated, and that by primitive methods. The test of ingenuity is to show how much of the remaining 57 per cent. can be made productive. How much is malarial jungle? How much is unproductive through uncontrolled, but controllable, floods. Again, if a new breed of rice which scientists are now trying to hybridise is successful, it would be possible to double the rice yield in tropical Asia. Then, too, at a recent international symposium on deserts in Jerusalem, it was shown that 800 million acres of accessible deserts throughout the world could be economically irrigated and produce more crops than naturally watered areas now under cultivation. There is no "ethical dilemma" for science, but there is a real challenge. The scientist's job is to provide the facts and to exercise the compulsion of those facts on world opinion.

Persia's Refusal

If Dr. Mossadeq, to the evident disappointment of the State Department, has rejected the offer sent impressively to him over the joint signatures of President Truman and Mr. Churchill, the fault does not lie, this time, in British inflexibility. Indeed, under pressure of American arguments that Mossadeq must be propped up financially as the one remaining "bastion against Communism," the British Government went a long way. By agreeing to relax current restriction on exports to Persia and on Persia's sterling balances, by announcing that Anglo-Persian would buy for cash the oil now stored at Abadan, and by proposing that the Hague Court should adjudicate both on the Company's claims for compensation and Persia's counter-claims, the British Government appeared in effect to be accepting the nationalisation of Persian oil as a *fait accompli*. This is more than it ever did before.

What motives, then, prompted Dr. Mossadeq's rejection of the offer? The truth of the matter seems to be that nationalist sentiment in Persia will still not allow the Premier to take any step which would imply renewed collaboration with Anglo-Persian; and the wording of the Anglo-American Note, with its suggestion that there should be negotiations between the Company and the Persian Government to make arrangements "for the flow of oil from Persia to world markets," doubtless appears in Iran to imply such collaboration. How far the Persian Premier's attitude has been stiffened by the presence in Persia of a representative of a powerful American oil company, it is hard to say. So far as British interests are concerned, it looks as if the final offer, with its much more realistic recognition of hard facts, came too late.

Impasse in South Africa

Dr. Malan looks like reaching a constitutional impasse from which he will be hard put to extricate himself. No sooner had his High Court of Parliament declared, last week, that the "entrenched clauses," such as that securing the rights of the coloured voters, were incompatible with the nature of a sovereign Parliament, than the Cape Division of the Supreme Court ruled, in a test case, that the entrenched clauses are still law, and that Parliament can neither set them aside by their ordinary procedure nor create a new Court to declare them void. If the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, to which the question is now being referred, confirms the Cape Division's ruling—and it is difficult to see how it can fail to do so in face of its own arguments in the previous suit of Harris *v.* Donges—the only obvious course for Dr. Malan is to appeal to the electorate, with coloured voters (presumably) still on the electoral roll. But, unless the Nationalists were to secure a two-thirds majority (and this is unlikely), the impasse would not be resolved even by the return of Dr. Malan to power. There would still be the High Court, claiming to represent the will of Parliament, and the Supreme Court claiming to be the ultimate authority on the constitutional validity of Parliament's Acts.

Eisenhower Answered

If mere oratory, salted by wit, were the deciding factor in U.S. presidential elections, Governor Stevenson would be installed next year in the White House. His speeches at the opening of the campaign have been on a high level. Deploring the creation of a "climate of fear," and reminding his hearers that some sorts of patriotism can be, as Dr. Johnson said, "the last refuge of a scoundrel," he effectively answered General Eisenhower's deplorable speech to the American Legion. Campaign issues, he said, must not be made out of the "hopes and fears of these suffering people" in Eastern Europe and "loose talk or idle threats" were no answer to the challenge of Communism. So far as domestic issues go, the Governor took the opportunity at Detroit on the same day to make his position clear on the Taft-Hartley Act. He did not agree, he said, with those who called it a "slave-labour law," but the Act must be repealed: there must be an end of the "tyrannical power to have men ordered back to work in smothered silence," and there must be new methods of settling disputes in a national emergence.

Army and the Partisans in Egypt

It still remains to be seen whether General Neguib can carry through his programme without substituting a military dictatorship for parliamentary procedure. The land reform Bill which he and his Army colleagues have drafted, and which the Prime Minister is said to be studying, appears to be a radical measure. Its provisions are reported to include limitation of any single holding of land to a little over 200 acres. Acreage in excess of the limit is to be compulsorily bought by the State and sold, on the basis of 30-year annuities to landless peasants, with the stipulation that units thus sold are not to be less than 2 acres in size. This reform will scarcely appeal to the large landowning class to which Aly Maher himself belongs; and there are indications that the Wafd is using the draft Bill as a weapon to reassert its own influence against the General: many middle-sized farmers would, the Wafd argues, lose land. It looks as though the Army group who carried out successfully the coup against Farouk may have some difficulty in getting a civil administration to give effect to their plan of economic reform.

Licence to Build

Mr. Macmillan's decision to allow an increase in the proportion of licences granted by local authorities for private building probably means that an unexpected number of people, already allocated licences, have been unable to use them. The inordinate delay between the obtaining of a licence and the laying of the first brick—due mainly to the refusal of landowners to sell at "existing use value"—has had two effects. One is that increased prices have meanwhile often rendered the licence useless to the person in whose name it stands, and another (closely related to the first) is that building societies want much bigger deposits from borrowers; where a deposit of £500 might have secured a mortgage two years ago on a £3,000 house, £750 or even £1,000 might be wanted to-day. Those with the money, therefore, will get the loans—and the houses. Coupled with the Minister's decision that municipally built houses may now be sold or leased instead of let, this, of course, is undisguised "rationing by the purse."

Living Costs in Malaya

A Singapore Correspondent writes: The astonishing suggestion that nothing can be done to determine a fair price for food and goods has been accepted by the Singapore Government. The suggestion was contained in the report of two Advisory Committees chosen by the Government to go into the matter. People are still known to die of starvation in this great entrepot, where the normal commercial profit margin still remains at about 100 per cent. and where malnutrition is the prime cause of widespread tuberculosis. The Government has accepted the argument that profits in Singapore even on food cannot be controlled: it was virtually impossible to fix a fair price "because of the great variety in size and financial standing" of the different firms selling the same product. In any case, if prices were fixed and so afforded "traders a smaller profit than they consider justified in asking," then this would have the effect of driving the commodity "underground."

In this gloomy reasoning the Government, strongly influenced as it is by commercial interests, acquiesced. Already equipped with adequate powers to control prices if only they knew how, the Government some while ago did give way after considerable public pressure and made it compulsory for traders to display price tags for certain main commodities. Without proper price control this device often had the effect of eliminating competitive prices, and the public in consequence gained very little.

Meanwhile, the Government has given notice that an increase in the ration price of rice next year seems inevitable. Over the Causeway, the Federation Government, much closer to the "menace" of Communism, has promised to subsidise rice to the extent of $12,000,000. Singapore, a great believer in free trading at almost any cost, not only strenuously resists any form of subsidy, but has done nothing effective to popularise wheat or any other substitute for rice. Even the Co-operative movement is being allowed to wither away for want of official help to explain and publicise it among the illiterate poor.

WASHINGTON

The Fate of the Liberals

Our Washington Correspondent writes: The formal political campaigning has now begun in earnest. The Democrats are facing this last stretch before the election with greater confidence than the Republicans. The reputations of most pollsters are somewhat tarnished after the experiences of 1948. The one oracle who retains general respect is Louis Bean, by profession an economist at the Department of Agriculture, by hobby a political forecaster. He has been recalling that in times of prosperity the party in power has only been dislodged by reason of the intervention of a third party. This is sweet music for Democratic ears, for no one denies the prosperity despite all the talk about a "fifty cent dollar," and on present showing the risk of losing votes to a third party seems limited to the Republicans. Colonel Bertie McCormick, who announced immediately after Eisenhower's nomination that the General's election chances were "zero," has now formally left the Republican party and urged the creation of an "American" party with General MacArthur as its standard bearer. In order to win, Eisenhower has to hold all the existing Republican votes and make big inroads into the Democratic ranks. The loss of even the counter-

revolutionary fringe on the Right is therefore not to be laughed off.

But the redoubtable Colonel was not the only one to be disappointed by the results of the Chicago conventions. The "liberals" of the Democratic party found for the first time for twenty years that theirs was no longer a controlling voice in the direction of party affairs. There is much frustrated discussion of their future role. The term "liberals" is perhaps a misnomer for the instruments of the New Deal, and "Socialists" (the customary Republican epithet) is even more grotesque an appellation for the men whose efforts saved American capitalism from extinction. Actually, in so far as they can be entered in one political pigeonhole at all, they are economic planners. They were called in during a period of severe economic malady and found that strong doses of Keynesian medicine, administered with a firm hand from Washington, not only cured the patient but made him healthier than ever before.

The tragedy of the American "liberal" is the tragedy of anyone who achieves his goal. The economic planning which seemed once so revolutionary has now become part of the fabric of American society. There could, of course, be many improvements in the slicing of the American cake, but the recipe has been accepted, and the liberal shares the frustration of Colonel McCormick. He is now the unnecessary man. Or is he? For if "liberalism" means more than planning, if it connotes more than a firm and at times contemptuous belief that Washington is endowed with more wisdom, benevolence and decency than State capitals, and is really concerned with problems of mitigating man's inhumanity to man, indeed with liberty, there is much fruitful work to do. For to-day the problems besetting America are not those of economics, and are not to be solved by concentration of power in Washington. They are problems of intolerance and suspicion, of "guilt by association" and distrust of intellectuals—the problems symbolised by the name of Senator McCarthy. These causes have been the concern of the "liberals" of the Democratic party in the past, but they have not been their major concern, for political power is a heady wine.

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 8s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 13s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa: South £11. East £4 5s. West £5 15s.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10s.
Hong Kong £5 5s. Australia £6.
New Zealand, £6 10s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:

BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
30, East 60th Street N.Y. 22, N.Y.

Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express $17 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland*, 1½*d.*; *Foreign*, 1½*d.*; *Canada*, 1*d.*

The Challenge to the West

SOVIET policy is neither war nor peace. So much is clear from Russian propaganda, from Soviet diplomatic action, from the reactions of Moscow's spokesmen at the U.N. when the issue of disarmament is raised, from the twists and turns of Russian policy on Germany. It would be possible endlessly to argue about the proportion of truth or falsehood in Soviet charges and pronouncements; our point is not that Moscow is wrong—frequently the Russians have the best of the argument—but that these are not the comments of people who are working, or hoping, for any lasting settlement. They are the natural expression of the Leninist view that capitalist and Communist worlds are irreconcilable.

It is equally clear that Russia is resolutely against war. Were she prepared to provoke it, the whole of Europe has lain helpless at her feet for the last seven years. She has been content to watch her chance of military success steadily diminishing, and her response to the provocation of Western rearmament of Germany has been no more than correspondingly to increase armaments in Eastern Germany and the satellite countries. Wherever a clash has occurred, as in Korea, Moscow is careful to observe a correct diplomatic attitude. The lesson of her new Five-Year Plan is that Russia is now really able to boast of being, like the United States, able simultaneously to expand her heavy industry and her output of consumers' goods. The emphasis of the new Plan is still on increasing welfare; it does not reflect any disproportionate or violent increase of arms. In brief, we know what Stalin meant when he said that for a long period capitalism and Soviet Communism could live side by side. He meant that Russia would not make war on the West if the West did not make war on Russia. He did *not* mean that Moscow would not encourage Communist parties abroad and support revolution where the state of the class struggle seemed to warrant it. He did *not* mean that he had lost faith that capitalism would break down from its own internal contradictions, nor did he suggest that Russia, by propaganda of one type or another, would fail to aid the process of Western disintegration.

This is a conception that Western nations, especially the United States, find it hard to understand. It is much more convenient to be able to see Moscow simply as an aggressive, utterly evil, external enemy. Just as Moscow fears the infiltration of Western ideas—lest Soviet citizens become contaminated by news of the high standard of living in America, or of the freedom of thought and expression to which Western Europe still curiously clings—so America fears the effect on coloured people, and on under-dogs of all sorts, if once it is bruited about that Communism is not wholly bad. In point of fact, visitors to Moscow this year are united in noting the improving standard of living, the general atmosphere of confidence and often of gaiety. In these matters, such a cautious delegation as that sent by the Quakers, whose report was recently published by the Friends Peace Committee, is in agreement with an economist like Dr. Joan Robinson, who published a charming little pamphlet of impressions after her return from the Economic Conference in Moscow, and with an enthusiastic writer like Naomi Mitchison, whose article on the status of authors in Russia we publish this week.

Is the Devil, then, not black, after all? Some critics find it hard to credit that the standard of living may be rising in the Soviet Union, that many people there may be having a good time, and that most of the population believe in the Communist economic system and the destiny of their country while at the same time there are an unknown number of people suffering shocking hardships in labour camps in North Siberia and a secret police which may really be completely callous and cruel. Yet there is no contradiction here. Russia is, to an increasing extent, a "managerial State"; compared to Tsardom, it is extremely efficient, and it is run in the interests of a far larger part of the population. Dissent is not allowed—any more than heresy was allowed in the Middle Ages. Against its refusal to recognise civil rights and its attempts to impose a new infallibility and a new Inquisition we must maintain uncompromising opposition but we shall go awry if we do not understand that most Russians are not troubled by what, to our Western minds, seem enormous evils. Given good behaviour and a non-political or non-protestant mind, life in the Soviet Union may be increasingly prosperous and full of opportunity.

How should the West meet such a challenge? The response of Mr. Eisenhower and the Republican Party in the United States is the worst possible. No prospect could be more appalling for the world than an American President pledged to attempt the "liberation" of all territory in the world now under Communist, or allegedly Communist, control. The ignorance and arrogance implied in the notion that the Chinese and Tibetans, for instance, would welcome liberation by American forces, is horrifying. The prospect suggested by Mr. Eisenhower's speech is one of perpetual war. The result is to make all of us wonder by what steps we can avoid becoming the next Korea. To-day there is no such thing as a war of liberation; that is only a ghastly euphemism for universal devastation, the burning alive of civilian populations and the permanent diversion of human resources to death and destruction.

Moscow's challenge to the West is to produce an alternative to "managerial Communism." Resurgent Asian nationalism would prefer to develop its own form of Socialism, but it will certainly accept Communism if the alternative is American financial domination, with an early prospect of national obliteration through war. Point Four is the beginning of sense, but technicians and money are not in themselves an adequate answer. The alternative cannot be stated only in terms of food and economic betterment; it involves political freedom as an alternative to the acceptance of satellite status: it involves readiness on our part to welcome and encourage social revolution. The revolution in Asia is long overdue; the reign of feudal landlord, money-lender and corrupt official is over. The battle between Communism and the West is for the right and privilege to co-operate with this necessary and welcome revolution.

Margate's "Famous Victory"

THE proceedings at the Trades Union Congress look much more simple in the morning papers than they do from the floor of the Winter Gardens. For the man in the deck chair on the promenade the issues are shortened into headlines. For the delegates somewhere between the General Council on the platform and the deep blue sea behind, they sometimes seem almost as involved as the course of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce through the mill of Chancery. There, you recall, the lawyers needed a mountain of documents. Here, you must be armed with the 250 pages of the General Council's Report, taken paragraph by paragraph, the 73 motions of the Agenda, the itemised Programme of Business, the eight Composite Resolutions and the daily bulletin which tells you what the General Purposes Committee is doing to the Agenda. So armed, and if you have a flair for paper work, you may follow the business.

Most of the General Council's Report is taken without question, or the business could never be finished. Arthur Deakin, from the Chair, calls the number of the paragraphs; a delegate who wishes to challenge one has to be quick on his feet. McLennan, of the Electrical Workers, wants the General Council to take a firmer stand on the claim of seasonal workers for unemployment benefit. Another delegate objects to a pamphlet published by the Trades Union Adviser in Kenya. A third rises to urge more support for Franco's prisoners, and as he leaves the rostrum, Arthur Deakin adds sardonically from the chair that the General Council is interested in "other peoples' prisoners as well."

Most of this is the routine of Congress. The delegates wait for the pre-arranged set-pieces. But there are sometimes surprises hidden behind innocent paragraphs. Motion No. 5, for instance, was wedged between Para. 66 and Para. 67. Moved by Basil Cardew in the name of the Medical Practitioners' Union, it called for the abolition of all Health Service charges, other than those authorised by the original 1946 Act. This, of course, was one of the main issues upon which Aneurin Bevan resigned from the Labour Government, and the Labour Party has not yet officially withdrawn from the position then taken by Chancellor Gaitskell, with Cabinet approval. But Cardew made a clear and simple speech, attacking these charges on medical and social grounds; there was no mention of Bevan, and not even a debate. The spokesman of the General Council rose smoothly to accept the motion and it was passed unanimously. So far as Congress is concerned, that was one controversy settled by the march of time and events.

But by then Congress was ready for its first set-piece, the debate on rearmament and foreign policy. Last year, the General Council's triumph in a similar debate was hailed as a resounding defeat for the Left and more particularly for Bevanism, when in fact the issue was never put in that way. Again this year, a confused debate was followed by a confused vote. The ballot figures show that the General Council's May statement on rearmament was endorsed by three to one. But this vote, which will in any case be rendered meaningless if the big "metal" unions fight for more wages to defend their living standards, was taken after one of the most ill-ordered debates I have ever witnessed—a debate in which it was never clear what was really being discussed. Sir Vincent Tewson, who had been given 30 minutes to open the debate with a rambling rehearsal of past T.U.C. policy, also wound it up by remarking that it was "difficult to sift the wheat from the chaff." It was the impression of many delegates that the Right wing of the General Council did not intend that such sifting should be done.

Consider the procedure. There was a Composite Resolution in the name of five unions which blamed worsening social conditions on rearmament, called for a Five-Power meeting and an all-round reduction of arms based on "agreement through the United Nations," and opposed the re-arming of Germany and Japan. This was Number One, and the five unions were allowed to make the formal moving and supporting speeches. Then came Number Two, moved by the A.E.U. and supported by the Draughtsmen and Boilermakers. After a preamble about the serious effects of rearmament on Britain's economy, this asked specifically for international reduction of armaments with "the necessary inspection and control arrangements," called for a ban on atomic and germ weapons, and urged assistance to backward areas. Then, tucked away in the form of an amendment from the important Shop and Distributive Workers' Union, came what was a third Motion. Here, in fact, was Hamlet disguised as one of the Player King's assistants. All these Motions were lumped together in one debate, and the votes on them were taken consecutively at its close.

In these circumstances, there was never any possibility that the critics of the General Council's statement would be able to form a coalition. They had been chopped into three sections, each with its own special row to hoe. But even if the procedure had been clear, the Right-wing spokesmen were determined that the issue should be confused. They did not speak to the motions at all. Indeed, Sir Vincent Tewson conceded that there was "agreement" on many of the "detailed points" in them, and that the majority of the General Council did not object in substance to their "completely innocuous" sentiments. His objection was not to the wording, but to the "inferences masked by honeyed words." The motions, in short, were found "guilty," not for what they said, but for their association with their sponsors. The line taken by Lincoln Evans, by Ernest Jones of the Mineworkers, and Tom Williamson of the General and Municipal, was exactly the same as that which was successful last year. They attacked the Soviet Union and the Communists. In the process, they created an atmosphere of hostility towards all the motions without ever facing the issues or answering the reasoned case put forward by Alan Birch of the Shop Workers or Robert Willis of the London Compositors, both important and respected members of the General Council. In the view of many delegates, the real debate should have been on the Shop-workers' amendment. This probably expressed the views of a majority on the floor, to say nothing of the Labour movement as a whole; but it was deliberately submerged in a mass of prejudice about "subversive inferences."

This is what the Right Wing persuaded a majority of Congress to reject:

> Recognising that rearmament is a necessary part of a United Nations policy of resistance to aggression or the threat of it, Congress nevertheless believes that the specific programme must be reduced to take into account Britain's economic position, particularly the need for exports and for capital investment required for increased production, on which the maintenance of adequate social services and living standards largely depends. Failure to modify the arms programme in this way can only lead to increasing economic and political instability, with a consequent weakening of Britain's influence on world affairs. Congress therefore requests the General Council to press for a reduction of the rearmament programme, at the same time continuing to advocate and support all measures genuinely designed to reduce international tension and prevent war.

The General Council had won its "famous victory," but the manner in which it was won had left a bitter taste. This was shown immediately after the main vote, when a Motion on bacteriological weapons was moved. It opposed the use of such weapons and urged the Government "through the United Nations to secure a new international agreement prohibiting their use." Sir Vincent Tewson again appealed to Congress to reject it, not because of what it said, but because of what he saw lurking behind it. He coupled this with a personal attack on the mover. By this time, however, Congress was ready to return to its sober tradition of voting on the text before it, and not against some nightmare. It carried the Motion against Sir Vincent.

On Wednesday afternoon the General Council was again decisively defeated. By 4,542,000 to 3,210,000, the floor carried a Motion opposing the Tory denationalisation proposals and instructing the General Council to formulate plans for nationalising "other industries and services". Once again, the General Council did not oppose the substance of the Motion, but attacked its inferences and made a fumbling attempt to have it remitted back for further consideration. But this time there was a solid block—miners, engineers, railwaymen, and shop workers—which did not intend to be bamboozled. It was clear that the industrial core of the Labour Movement does not intend to be weaned away from Socialist principles.

Margate. NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

LAST year Mao ended the threat of invasion from Formosa by calling upon all Kuomintang fifth columnists in villages all over China to surrender their arms; those who did not do so voluntarily were shot. (The facts were stated last year, unchallenged.) The only point on which Mao can be criticised in this matter is the one I raised last week, greatly to the confusion of some correspondents. Need Mao have shot so many? Could he not have disarmed them? I gave the number of a million and a half shot because that figure was authoritatively stated by the Chinese Communists and their friends. It is clear that it is now too small. In October Cheng Chien, vice-chairman of the Central and South Military Administrative Committee, claimed that he had exterminated a million "bandits" (the category used for Chiang's

armed followers) in his part of China and Wuhan radio put the number at a million and a half for the slightly different area covered by the Fourth Field Army. This figure is for only part of China and it does not, of course, include the many thousands of racketeers, black marketeers, landlords, spies and others who have since been executed by popular courts.

I can supply Mr. Coppard with many official Chinese Communist figures here too if he desires. He is climbing up a wrong tree. The Chinese are proud of killing bandits and these figures are a matter of boast, not of regret. They are appallingly large but certainly much smaller than the number of deaths that would have occurred if an American-Kuomintang army had tried to liberate China. I hold to my opinion that Mao is to be criticised only for killing enemies he might have disarmed.

* * *

The appointment of Field-Marshal Slim to be Governor-General of Australia removes one of the best of the talked-of candidates for the post of Director-General of the B.B.C. He is a humorous and tough character; he will find Australia easier than Broadcasting House. It would not surprise me if the *News Chronicle* were right in prophesying a B.B.C. interregnum; most of the names put forward are terrifyingly inadequate. I have my own choice, but I fear to name him lest his chances are thereby wrecked.

* * *

The announcement that the Central London branch of the National Union of Journalists has appointed a committee to go into the facts of the Maclean case raises all sorts of interesting questions. It will, presumably, want to see the reporter's notes of the alleged interview and trace the various stages of their transformation into a printed news story. But it won't have the legal powers to compel the "discovery" of documents, and therefore it can't function unless the newspaper decides to collaborate. Equally important, the committee will not be "privileged"; witnesses may be put off by fear of libel, just as much as by fear of angering the boss. Then it will have to decide what issues of journalistic ethics are really involved. Apart from the facts in dispute between the *Express*, Mrs. Maclean and Lady Bonham-Carter, there is the question of the alleged invasion into the private life of Mrs. Maclean and the whole issue of Fleet Street methods of interviewing, slanting, and gathering news. Since the Beaverbrook press seems inclined to ride off on the plea that they are not the only people who make mistakes, it should be clear from the beginning that the principal charge is not that they did or did not get this or that right; where I have heard real indignation, the burden of complaint is that the *Express* did not publish letters from Lady Maclean and others challenging the accuracy of their report. All papers make slips of one sort or another, but newspapers too seldom have the grace to correct them. This, in my view, is a mistake. Nothing so discredits the press as the public discovery that no correction is made when the news given is not authentic, errors are made, or people wrongly attacked. Nothing so adds to the reputation of a journal as to admit even unimportant mistakes.

I doubt if a Royal Commission could add anything to the sum of present knowledge about the legal muddle illustrated by the Straffen case. I don't even believe it could draw up any rules to fit the present insistence on total culpability or total absolution. The President of the Royal College of Physicians rightly uses the case to emphasise the fatuity of the MacNaughten Rules, and says we should now determine afresh how mental illness should mitigate criminal responsibility. While the death penalty is retained, I prefer this suggestion to that of a legal correspondent in the *Manchester Guardian* that the plea of insanity should be wholly withdrawn from the courts of law and be considered by the Home Secretary as grounds for reprieve. (This course, I imagine, would hardly commend itself to Home Secretaries.) But the Scottish legal doctrine of "diminished responsibility," which may be raised at any stage of a trial by either the Crown or the defence, seems to me—while, as I say, the death penalty remains—the obvious solution. The English judges themselves said, in the evidence they gave to the present Royal Commission on Capital Punishment in January, 1950, that they would welcome the possibility, in these cases, of some such verdict as "Guilty of the act charged, but not responsible for his act by reason of the state of his mind."

* * *

According to the 1951 Report of the Commissioner of Police, juveniles have committed 13 per cent. more "indictable offences" than they did in 1950. The main increase for all ages is in those "miscellaneous larcenies" that include all forms of scrounging, pilfering, and barely premeditated "knocking-off." These went up from 40,204 to 47,583. This is a wretched record. But here and there cheerfulness breaks in. Robbery with violence decreased still further by 16.4 per cent.—the total of 214 was the lowest since 1942—despite the abolition of corporal punishment in 1948 and the angry prophecies that followed it. There were only ten "armed robberies", compared with 19 the year before and 46 in 1947. And although everyone thought the Festival Gardens and the South Bank Exhibition would be disfigured by orgies of petty larceny, in fact there were 137 less offences of pocket-picking and bag-snatching in London as a whole than in 1950. There may be a lesson here; if not a new one, then a reinforcement of the ancient one that you can keep the people sweet, patient, and honest with bread and circuses. Put out more flags, and watch the "miscellaneous larcenies" go down.

* * *

Like many lesser men who have known poverty and achieved success, Bernard Shaw became odd about money in his old age. He left Ayot St. Lawrence to the nation without endowing its upkeep. This was the more annoying since he left the best part of £400,000, the majority of which was to be spent on his alphabetical fad. Ayot St. Lawrence is not a very splendid or beautiful house, but it is full of interest and full of Shaw's personality. It would be most unhappy if his last eccentricity was to lead to closing the house and garden. I am not surprised that people have not subscribed heavily to a Shaw memorial in view of their annoyance about his will. But it is an illogical annoyance, and somehow or other we ought to find the necessary money to keep Ayot St. Lawrence open to the public.

* * *

Marx and Spencer are buried next to each other in Highgate Cemetery. I wonder how many people have made a joint pilgrimage? Herbert Spencer is a little to the left of Marx as you come in at the lower gate. To track down Marx you first have to find the Scrymgeour grave, a large spreading affair which was obviously paid for by a man who was a real success in the world. There you branch off to the right for the cheap stone that covers Karl. The gravedigger cannot understand why so many people come every year to this particular one of his charges. "That man Marx didn't do any good, did he? Haven't heard that he made anything but trouble for the world." He made the cemetery a one-man show, and visitors did not pay nearly enough attention to all the lovely monuments and vaults and all the other famous people. Herbert Spencer, for instance. There was a good man. The old gravedigger can remember him coming up to erect his tombstone on the site he had bought, to make sure that it would look well when he was underneath it; after it had passed all tests, it was stored for several years until his death. As a boy the old man had to do a lot of sandpapering on the stone before Herbert was quite satisfied. Many years ago parties of Americans used to come to admire the monument which Spencer took so much trouble over, but they do not come any more. They seldom ask for George Eliot or Holyoake, who are a few yards away from Spencer, nor for Michael Faraday, nor for any of a long list of "famous" Victorian lady novelists that the gravedigger can rattle off with ease. Why, oh why, do they keep treading down the grass behind old Mr. Scrymgeour? CRITIC.

THE BUILDERS

Of that sane world where men play politics
I can't remember much. What was Krupp paid?
My untrained hands were busy laying bricks—
A queer, Quixotic and un-Marshall Aid
Without a snag in it; practised by fools
Mostly from universities and schools.

And that first morning, working in the rain,
Hands blistered, grimming, grim and frail and
You said: *I'll never see a man again* crazy
Leaning upon a pick and think he's lazy.
Somewhere in Fleet Street a soft-handed hack
Had been exhorting workers not to slack.)

With little talk of Stalin or of Truman
We mixed our concrete; but the best cement
Was social, cosmopolitan and human—
It's curious how little time we spent
In contemplating the United Nations
Whilst laying international foundations.

Within the hours of one day's work a 'plane
Achieved the double flight of the Atlantic;
Fleet Street applauded—but did not explain
The future uses of this clever antic.
Aliens, unnoticed by the London Press,
Girdled our little world with friendliness.)

We left a job unfinished, it is true
(Like Peace—that waits on slow diplomacy.)
You said: *We've not worked hard enough*—for you
Made targets of impossibility.
Dear child, your madness gave me hope again
In this sad world, so dangerously sane. . . .

REGINALD REYNOLDS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Applicants should either possess school certificate or give evidence of Christian or public-spirited ideals.—Advert in *The Cabinet Maker and Complete House Furnisher*. (L. Moholy.)

Tutor with Scottish accent urgently required for intelligent parrot.—Advert in *The Times*. (Kate Fielding.)

Above: One of the South Wales coalfields, a dark scar on the mountain range, covering the throbbing pulse of our most vital industry. In the background, the tall coal-wheel. In the foreground, a navy-blue hand-knitted suit (36gns.) which looks tailor-made, the skirt ribbed to emulate pleating, the cardigan jacket opening over a checked waistcoat, price £17 7s.—Caption under a picture in *Vogue*. (Joan Munds.)

The Capitalist practice should be regarded as part of the British way of life, just as our Parliamentary system or Royalty. It should receive therefore national publicity.—*Conservative Agents' Journal*. (R. S. Harrison.)

If we are ever to have peace we must think of the people in Communist countries as human beings. And we do not do that. . . . I remember a friend showing me a snapshot of a little Russian boy picking his nose. Somehow, it was a revelation to me.—Letter in *The Listener*. (W. M. Thomas.)

America's Japanese Dilemma

THE problem of Sino-Japanese trade presents the U.S. with a dilemma. To keep a reliable ally against the Communist world, the U.S. will have to underwrite the precarious economy of Japan almost indefinitely. The only alternative is to let Japan trade freely with Communist China. Mere military measures designed to make Japan a bulwark for Western democracy, even if coupled with big local Army spending, will give the Communists a good opportunity to take control of Japan from within.

A demand for the resumption of China trade by Japanese business circles is being expressed openly since Japan's independence. It is particularly strong in the textile industry, which, like its Lancashire competitor, is having great difficulty in finding export markets, and in the steel industry, which is feeling the burden of high-cost American coal and iron ore. As time goes on and Japan's economic difficulty deepens, pressure from both sides of industry—often working in collaboration—will become increasingly important politically as well as economically.

To minimise China's importance to Japan's economy, the U.S. authorities recently told Washington that China occupied only 10.77 per cent and 16.54 per cent of Japan's annual import and export respectively. That was true for 1935, in China's worst depression. In 1939, however, the figures stood at 16.4 per cent and 32.8 per cent, and in 1942 they were as high as 40.5 per cent and 42.9 per cent respectively. Even more important is the fact that in 1938 the bulk of Japan's total import of coal, coke, industrial salt and soya-bean came from China.

After all, Japan must find both markets for her industrial products and sources of cheap raw materials. The Communists appreciate this very well. Last December, the Russian Trade Mission in Tokio offered Japanese industry 200,000 tons of Saghalien coal for one-third of the price of American coal. In exchange, Japan was asked to export non-strategic goods, such as fishing nets and textiles. Japanese firms shied away from the offer at that time on account of pressure from the American authorities. But recently, two of them signed contracts with the Russians to import 140,000 tons of Saghalien coking coal in return for exports of rayon yarn and fishing boats.

Behind all these moves by Japanese business lies the feeble economy of post-war Japan. Compared with pre-war, Japan's territory has been reduced by 46 per cent; she has lost vital resources such as Manchurian coal, iron ore and fishing grounds in the Sea of Okhotsk to the north of Saghalien; her manufacturing production has increased substantially but exports and imports are barely half what they were in 1938; and the official standard of living index for the urban population stands at a little over 70 per cent. The recovery in manufacturing is mainly due to the artificial effects of the Korean War. It is unlikely to be maintained.

Most frightening is the low level of foreign trade. Japan now depends on overseas supply for 20 per cent of her food and over 60 per cent of raw materials for her industry. She has to feed, clothe, shelter and provide employment for eight million more people than before the war. Moreover, so long as the cold war drags on, there is little prospect of large-scale expansion of trade. As for exports, most of Japan's political friends appear to be economic rivals. They are at least as highly industrialised as Japan and are suffering from the same difficulty of lack of export markets. It is similarly difficult for Japan to find sources of cheap raw materials outside Communist China.

In this regard, South-East Asia is much talked about both as a prospective export market and as a source of raw materials. But this hope appears to be based largely upon wishful thinking. For one thing, the political situation is unstable and the Asian people are still hostile or suspicious toward things Japanese. Secondly, the natural resources are not sufficiently developed to guarantee a constant and ample supply of raw materials in the near future. To develop them to the required extent will need time and investment, of both of which Japan herself is short. Thirdly, most of the Asian nations, now independent, are developing their own industries. This is particularly so with textiles. Japanese business circles are shuddering at the report that India, for example, is now developing for herself not only textiles but an aircraft industry and hydro-electric power generation. Finally, many powerful industrial nations like Britain consider this part of the world as their own market. For them, as well as for Japan, this is a matter of life or death. Japan must expect bitter competition from them.

These facts indicate that the Japanese economy, within the political framework set down by the San Francisco Treaty, cannot restore the pre-war standard of living to the people. But it will be difficult to keep the Japanese people permanently satisfied with a living standard under which they must spend half their income for their meager supplies of food. If it becomes apparent that the task of raising the standard is impossible, discontent will certainly grow into the social and political unrest the Communists are looking for.

In fact, the Communist menace to Japan comes from the domestic economy rather than from Russia or China. If Japan spends too great a part of her national energy in building up military defence, without due consideration for economic welfare of her people—and that is precisely what Washington's Japanese policy implies—the most favourable opportunity is being created for Communism to exploit to the full its commonest and most effective tactics.

Tokio. RIICHI INAGAKI

Soldiers of the Queen

II. MAKING A MAN OF HIM

I WROTE last week that the Army's troubles are mainly due to the world situation and the impossible targets set at Lisbon. But this does not mean that nothing can be done to make service more attractive, improve the rate of regular recruiting, and thus make possible a reduction of the term of national service. Recruiting figures, though still not what the Army would like, have turned sharply upward in the last couple of years; but the graph fails to show two unpleasant facts. First, there are signs that the old recruiting sergeants—unemployment and bad conditions—are at their work again. At the top of the recruiting column are the Lancashire regiments; the Black Watch, drawing men from the always depressed Highlands; and the Durham Light Infantry and Green Howards (Tees-side), enlisting men in an area where, if unemployment is slight, living conditions are bad and factory wages low. During my tour I came across several regular recruits who had each held a variety of short-lived jobs in civilian life. Second, the bulk of the recruits have signed on for only three years, and this is no more than a reasonable alternative to national service, since the regular gets seven shillings a day against the national serviceman's four and has no subsequent Territorial liability. The problem of recruiting nowadays is not to get the civilian to take the Queen's shilling, but to induce the man who is already in to stay in—the national serviceman to turn regular, the short-term regular to prolong his engagement. This requires serious attention to Army conditions, not pretty posters.

National service has become an accepted feature of modern life. The lads report to the training centre, if not willingly, without resentment; their elder brothers have served, and now it is their turn. Their early experiences are likely to inspire confidence. Every man—this applies to regular recruits too—undergoes a series of tests to establish his intelligence and education and is then interviewed by a personnel selection officer, who recommends a course of training for him. I watched several interviews and was impressed by the care taken to find jobs that suited the men—still more impressed by the reallocation interviews which follow when a man shows himself unsuited for the trade to which he was assigned. Each problem was approached with a fresh mind, and no blame was attached to the man who had failed to make the grade. This part of the military machine works smoothly and well, and it is time to give the ancient jokes about square pegs a rest.

Unhappily this is only the beginning of the story. The later uncertainty of the soldier's life is a steady cause of complaint and, according to one commanding officer, the main deterrent to long engagements. Before 1939, it was the rule for a unit to stay in each station for at least three years. Now, moves are almost as frequent and sudden as in wartime. A soldier home from Egypt marries and starts a family; a year later he is whipped off to Korea, his wife is left alone with a small baby, and the gap between the first two children is years longer than intended. Or a wife follows her husband, not without a certain lag, from Trieste *via* Hanover to Gibraltar, setting up homes and learning languages with bewildering rapidity. This kind of soldiering, devoid of the certainties of real peace or the moral compulsions of war, is largely inevitable in the

"cold war." Yet it does not seem that the Army handles the problem, or the allied grievance of the man separated from his mates by posting, with the skill and humanity that it brings to personnel selection.

What one seldom hears is the complaint that the Army wastes the soldier's time. There is, however, a widespread resentment at the senseless spit and polish involved in home service—feelings which led a group of men in the Gloucesters to tell me emphatically that they wished they were back in Korea. This resentment, of course, is not shared by the officers, who feel that proper discipline is just being restored after a long interregnum. They have their own grievances, and complain bitterly of the endless paper work, the ridiculous courts of inquiry over minor mishaps, or the archaic and time-wasting method of paying the men.

As for the conditions of service, the great advance is this: for the first time in history, the pay is felt to be adequate, though everyone thinks that there should be some way of adjusting it when troops serve alongside American or Dominion units. Real discontent centres on the antique or jerry-built and, in any case, comfortless buildings in which the Army lives—especially when they are compared with German barracks. There is here a failure of the imagination; a little money spent on carpets and pictures, in the soulless offices as well as in the barrack-rooms, would cheer the necessary wait for fresh bricks and mortar. On the other hand, married quarters are being built fast and well, and the new Naafi clubs are quite excellent.

What is certain is that the "bedside lamp Army" so loudly promised after the war has proved a mirage. An officer who was in charge of the butts at Bisley told me that all the R.A.F. men who came to shoot there had camp beds; granted, he said, that you can't take camp beds to Korea, what is wrong with keeping a few hundred at Bisley? Facilities for sport and recreation, too, are less than satisfactory, and the demand for an Army recreation fund of respectable size, to make units less dependent on their own resources, seems justified. ENSA no longer exists, the films at unit shows are often ten years old, and the nearest town is in many cases at the end of a long and relatively expensive bus journey; the lights-out time and the bus time-table prevent soldiers from staying to the end of dances or taking girls home, and unit funds seldom run to hiring a band for a camp dance.

Then, if the Army is to recruit the intelligent and ambitious men for whom it is looking, it must greatly extend its educational facilities—equally needed by the man who hopes to return to civilian life, and by the career soldier who must pass Army exams. to get promotion or proficiency pay. In fact, education is being steadily reduced. The Army Colleges are no more, and now the Education Corps sergeants are to be withdrawn from active units, who face the hopeless task of finding men among their own ranks to teach anything from current affairs to trigonometry. Not only is less and less service time set aside for education, not only is the officially allotted time snatched away at short notice—at Catterick, for instance, to fight heath fires—but even the few men who give their free evenings to go to the education centre find themselves prevented from doing so by inflexible guard and similar duties. On paper, the Army's educational services are lavish, and involve the employment of a great variety of extra-mural tutors from the universities at all permanent camps. But I found these young men unanimously cynical about their relations with military authority, and one of them, wishing to describe what he called the colonel's idea of education, quoted the following extract from Orders: "Padre's hour, hairdressing and education are cancelled to-day."

The Army also offers the soldier a chance to keep up with his civilian trade by correspondence classes, evening lectures, and the like, and occasionally this works very well; for example, there is close liaison in the matter of qualifying examinations between the Signals and the Post Office. But, except in the Signals, I found so few soldiers aware of these facilities, and so many keeping up their knowledge by private initiative ("my dad sends me books") that I was quite unable to accept the official story that all recruits are urged to use the educational machine and those who do not are lazy. Employers often declare that when apprentices go for their national service they forget all they have learned and do not return to finish their time. I found no evidence for the second part of this charge; much to their credit, all the apprentices I met intended to go back, and indeed all the national servicemen about to be released were returning to their old jobs unless these were underpaid. But there is substance in the first part of the allegation.

The soldier is supposed to learn about current affairs for one hour a week, but I found nobody who did so, even for one hour a month. Dark stories about national servicemen being pumped full of "anti-Soviet propaganda" may be discounted. The War Office has issued a pamphlet on "Why Britain Rearms" which would not convince a backward child and which is gathering dust in many a company office. "I don't take any notice of these instructions on what they call orientation," one senior officer told me. "You see, my young officers don't know much about politics—no reason why they should—and if they try to spout this stuff, some bright spark is sure to ask: 'What about Syngman Rhee?' The subaltern says he'll have to find out about Syngman Rhee, the men whisper 'Got him there'—and it's bad for discipline, you know, bad for discipline."

MERVYN JONES

Vagrom Men

EXETER STREET, a narrow turning off the Strand, bisects the Strand Palace Hotel. On its north side is a large wire-meshed ventilator that looks down into the hotel boiler-room and emits warm, carboniferous fumes. On any winter's evening you can see huddled against this grating, with their backs to the street, three or four totally derelict human beings. For some reason, perhaps to make the most of the warmth, they usually spread-eagle themselves against the wire with their arms aloft, so as to present a horrifying look of being crucified. And though they are always in filthy rags you will notice, where their skin shows through the rents in their clothing, that it is unexpectedly white.

The other day I asked a police sergeant what could be done about them. Nothing any good, he said, a little too pessimistically. There's nothing in the Vagrancy Acts to prevent a man from having a warm at an engine-room window. They're technically obstructing the footway, so you could use the Highway Act to get them a month's imprisonment in default of the forty-shilling fine that they certainly couldn't pay. They are eavesdropping, inasmuch as they are standing, uninvited, "within the eavesdrop of another's house" (the piece of ground on which the rain-water drops from the eaves); so you could perhaps require them, as is done successfully enough with "peeping Toms," to show cause—on pain of imprisonment—why they shouldn't undertake to stop doing it. Inquiries could sometimes lead to their being sent to prison under section 51 of the National Assistance Act, 1948, for so neglecting to maintain themselves that they have had to be "assisted" under that Act. But you do not cure a man of the desire to keep warm by giving him, on any ground whatsoever, a term of imprisonment. To get him before a magistrate at all you must, as a rule, take him first to a cleansing station—police cells cannot be used for verminous occupants. And once they have come to know what this entails, not many policemen will do it twice. Of all the jobs to which a policeman may give, or from which he may safely withhold, his attention, verminous vagrants are among the least eligible; although most of them, the police sergeant told me, get caught up in a cleansing centre fairly regularly, which accounts for the white skin under the rags.

This is the hard core of wretched individualism with which the National Assistance Board will always be faced. The 1948 Act implied that we were no longer to call them casuals or vagrants, and the Board itself points out in its 1952 Report* that, since most of them either pay bus fares or "thumb lifts" when they want to go more than ordinary walking distance, you can no longer call them "tramps." The death of the "bad old Poor Law" brought into being a new system of euphemism, in which these people are described as "persons without a settled way of living" and the casual wards where they sometimes sleep as "reception centres." No one could estimate the size of the "hard core," but my own impression is that the authorities, having reduced the nightly reception-centre population from about 17,000 (in 1932) to about 2,000 (perhaps 100 of these, but certainly not more, being women), are now getting near to the irreducible minimum.

The casual wards have not only been rechristened but greatly thinned out—from over 300 in England and Wales before the war to about 60 in use for their original purpose to-day. "Centres which are close together encourage aimless wandering and impede efforts to influence casuals to settle down," says the Assistance Board. And the virtual disappearance of the tramp means that the pre-war system of casual wards at intervals of about fifteen miles is out of date. The old Poor Law sought to keep the men moving, almost hounding them along an aimless road on which the milestones were casual wards: the new method encourages them to stay at a "centre" until something can be done for them. If a man is known and identified as a persistent casual who is nevertheless capable of maintaining himself, the law actually goes a little beyond "encouraging" him to stay in a casual ward to which he gains admittance; he only gets in on condition that he stays for 48 hours and does some useful work. And if, having got in, he declines to work? A month's imprisonment again.

I have friends who see in the surviving tramp, in the invincibly stubborn outlaw who spits on every helping hand, the final assertion of individualism and the living proof that in a world of mass movements, bureaucrats, and militant do-gooders, it is personal identity alone that really matters. Keeping carefully to windward, they give such defiance their intellectual approval and hurry home to dinner. An awkward fact seldom faced or even admitted is that most of these men, so far from being the amiably and deliberately eccentric illiterates we usually imagine them to be,

* *Reception Centres for Persons Without a Settled Way of Living.* H.M.S.O. 1s

are cases of arrested mental development, many of them probably certifiable as defectives. We cannot really expect the Assistance Board to "re-establish" such cases (the word is theirs).

It is certain, however, that even among the mentally healthy casuals there are some who will resist "re-establishment in a settled way of living" till their dying day. I know one—know him personally. For years he has stood, a picture of ill-health and misery, outside A.B.C. teashops with three boxes of matches in his outstretched hand. People compassionately give him sixpence, a shilling, sometimes half-a-crown for a single box (he will bless me for saying this, for his one complaint is that generous people hesitate to give him more than a shilling for fear that it has never been done before). He at once replenishes the display with a box from his pocket—he always shows three at a time: more, he says, looks opulent, and less looks daft. His source of supply is an ordinary tobacconist's shop, where he pays the full price of twopence for a box of safeties. Sometimes he carries passengers' luggage at the approaches to railway stations, and it is irregularity here that has led to all his imprisonments but one, the exception being for begging. He sleeps in Rowton Houses and in reception centres; and he has told me frankly that if he wants 2s. 10d. to go to the cinema, he can get it by means of an empty cap in ten minutes. He never seeks Public Assistance because the public so unfailingly assists. He came here from Ireland in 1928 to look for work; and when he tells, in the Oxford Street pubs on summer evenings, how nearly he found it in 1937, he does so in a whisper after a quick glance round.

Genuine ill-health will overtake him one day—he is getting old already. He will then be transferred from the reception centre to which, feeling a little unwell, he will have had the foresight to get himself admitted, to a "hospital maintained by a local authority under Part III of the National Assistance Act," where, perhaps, he will settle down. Only thus will the Welfare State at last "comprehend all vagrom men."

C. H. ROLPH

Writers in the U.S.S.R.

[Mrs. Naomi Mitchison recently paid a short visit to Moscow as one of a group of British authors invited as guests by the Soviet Writers' Union.]

What kind of world does the Russian writer live in? First of all he (very often she) is in a very favourable economic position. Taking the rouble at round about sixpence in purchasing power, an author will get approximately £1,000 in royalties on his first edition of, say, 15,000 copies. But if he is a popular writer, the first edition may be 45,000 copies and he will therefore get three times as much in royalties. He gets the same royalty on the second edition, 60 per cent. on the third edition, 50 per cent. on the fourth, and thereafter 40 per cent. He has a beautiful club house and various rest homes, sanatoria and so on, and a literary fund to help him if he has a bad patch, and to give him a pension. He will pay a subscription to his organisation, and his flat will cost him perhaps 5 per cent. of his income. He will have plenty of pocket money, almost certainly a country cottage with a small garden, and probably a car and a refrigerator. He will eat well; and Soviet wine is good and reasonably cheap. And he will travel in the U.S.S.R., but that pleasure is reasonably cheap too. Then, perhaps you will say, does he belong to a ruling class? No, it isn't like that. There are enormous differences in earning power in the Soviet Union, differences which we, brought up on a different interpretation of Socialism, with a lot more about equality in it, find a little shocking. Yet these differentials are not producing a class structure, even though it is possible to invest money in State bonds and to pass it on by inheritance. The children go to the same schools and the same holiday camps. Above all, the ladder is completely open to the talents: manual capabilities are just as much prized as intellectual ones, and the upper earning group is exceedingly mixed. The writers themselves come, obviously, from all kinds of social background—worker, peasant, intelligentsia.

One factor which strikes the visitor is the constant contact between writers and readers, not only fan mail, but pages of criticism. Often a writer meets his critics—a study circle, say, at a factory which has read his book and thinks the hero doesn't behave correctly at some point, that the family relationship is not realistic, that the story does not give one the right ideas. And this criticism must be taken notice of; that's part of the game, and part of the reason for the huge editions. Even the children join in, for this "criticism from within" is part of the social set-up. Then, too, at the conferences there is a chance for the young writer. Some factory worker perhaps, with a pocket stuffed with manuscript, who catches hold of you and says, in effect: "Comrade, read this!" And it is part of your job to do so and to encourage him, to show him how to write better, perhaps to bring the manuscript up before your own editorial board for publication or to advise him to try publishing with his own trade union publishing house. All in all, there is much discussion of work in progress, which some of us would find very distracting. Or a book or play may be condemned on appearance, but then perhaps someone will take up the cudgels for it, asserting in a thesis and probably in Marxist terminology, why it is good. And in the end it may get a Stalin prize. Or, of course, vice versa! The fun is that there is constant movement, constant change of creative line.

One hopes this movement is taking place in the other arts. At present, the painting is all "revolutionary realism"—large, embarrassing pictures of historical moments, of workers, of herds of cows, a bit like the Chantrey Bequest favourites of fifty years ago, the doctor by the bedside, the hopeless dawn. . . . The children, who are delighted with fairy tales and stimulated with science puzzles, are still taught shading on small bits of paper. Some day, one trusts, a new school of painting will be born. Doubtless it will have to have a thesis to sustain it. Why not?

As for the contents of contemporary books, there is certainly one definite limitation: there is nothing in modern Russian writing for the *Angst* boys. One of the Russian writers, Vera Panova, two of whose books had a certain success in this country, said at one of our meetings: "The good must always win." That is something no West European writer would say. We aren't nearly sure enough of what the good is, nor whether we are, really and truly, on the side of good, even supposing. . . . Yet I suppose our most successful novelists are on the side of good, as they regard it. The Roman Catholic writers, who, on the whole, are the ones who get the best sales and most laudatory reviews, are extremely definite. God wins. That has its attraction, but calls out a counter-thesis from those who have conceived of God in a different style.

Vera Panova is or was a doctor; she has a tough, sad face; I believe that, like so many Russians, she suffered terrible family losses during the war. If people whom one loves best are killed, one reacts either to despair or else to the feeling that this is something which has happened in the war with evil, with cruelty or ignorance or greed, that it is part of the price which humanity must pay for the final victory of good. It is possible to state this in terms of Christianity, but this usually means putting in another factor which vitiates the statement in terms of humanism. And the Russians are humanists.

During our talks with Russians I sometimes thought that the people they would have got on with very well would have been our nineteenth-century rationalists, Darwin and Huxley, or a step later, H. G. Wells, who lived either not long enough or too long. For the Russians, progress is going on under their eyes. One writer, the poet Zhurkov, said: ". . . We try to create means for freeing man from economic conditions and ethical conditioning . . . we think the highest form of humanism is the defence of the many against the few. It is better for mankind to cause unpleasantness to two or three million on the top, in the name of the majority of mankind." This, I think, would have appealed to the great rationalists. Most of us, perhaps, are too deeply worried about the "unpleasantness" to consider the results which it seems to be having for the rest. The results may justify it. If so, it will be very awkward for all of us who have pinned our faith to good ends never being justified except by good means.

But what about writing, in Russia, about the "unpleasantness" from the side of those to whom it happened—from the side of those who were against change? I think most Russian writers would admit that many innocent people must have been involved, and that this is sad. But they would go on to say that, at the moment, this particular tragedy is negligible: at the moment something else matters so much that it, above all, must be said. I very much doubt if the writer who tried to describe the extremely painful results of the over-hasty collectivisation of the land, would be published, unless he took some trouble to explain that this was a necessary and inevitable price to pay for the good that was to come of it. If, as a matter of fact, it was a major political mistake (and we are too near it, I believe, to know for certain), this cannot yet be said. But, if the rest of the world can leave Russia alone to pursue her internal destiny, it seems highly probable that the time will come when it can be said, and perhaps said greatly and nobly, and by a Russian. It can, of course, be *written* now, but not published; there is certainly not complete freedom of publication in the Soviet Union. Still, perhaps we might consider what *is* being published, rather than what is not.

To my mind the interesting thing about modern Soviet books is that they have managed to keep contact between the writer and the mass of the public. That is something which we have not got. And all good writers want it in their souls. Yeats wrote bitterly: ". . . . What I had hoped 'twould be to write for my own race and the reality. . . ." Yet before the end he did manage to write for his own race; he was lucky. I myself try to write for my own race, to write intelligibly for the ordinary man and woman in Scotland, to shake them a little out of their bad dream of respectability. I get little encouragement either from them or from the highbrows. But what I have tried to do would be encouraged in Russia, and I would be able to talk straight to the workers of Scotland without the unkindnesses and hindrances that come from both sides when there is a class barrier still unbroken.

It may be that some writers would dislike being criticised by Common Man. They may feel that a place where this happens is no place for a highbrow. But remember that Common Man there is uncorrupted by some of the things which distort his judgment here. Children and adolescents do not stuff themselves with comics and westerns and pulp books and women's magazines. The Russian child gets decent mental feeding including plenty of fairy tales, his own and translations—I saw beautifully produced, and cheap, translations of Hans Andersen and the Just-So Stories—plenty of adventure—I saw Mark Twain, Stevenson, Mayne Reid, among others—and plenty of Russian classics, including poetry. He reaches a reasonable literary level from which to criticise.

NAOMI MITCHISON

The Laws of Science

DURING all the present nervousness about science and the progress of science, very little has been written or said about the greatest advance of recent years. This is in the matter of writing about science for scientists to read. The volume of this writing which floods the world daily, weekly, and monthly, would fill almost anything of which the reader cares to think: every week librarians refill the Recent Additions shelves with fresh volumes; the post offices of the world tremble under the mounds of journals, rolled into bundles, bursting out of their envelopes, and thumping on to doormats followed by the curses of postmen.

The importance of this advance cannot be overemphasised. For an exponent of any ordinary branch of science, the time taken to read all the publications germane to his subject would amount to about twenty-eight hours a day. This is what scientists mean by "the modern crisis in science." There may be other crises, but they take time to penetrate to laboratories. In practice, it is necessary to take advantage of the extensive abstracting service offered by the larger scientific associations to catch up on the last six months or so in one furious hunt through the indexes; for, despite the difficulties, it is no longer considered respectable to remain unaware of progress by other workers in one's own branch of research. This might seem an advantage, duplication of effort being wasteful and costly; but it seems less so when one is confronted by the wall full of bound volumes of abstracts which represents the very first line of inquiry. Indexers do their best to make the work easier, especially in chemistry, where the same compound can exist under at least six equally likely (or unlikely) names; but when they become enthusiastic about their systems they tend to convert a laborious hunt into something resembling a mathematical crossword puzzle.

All this has had a lasting effect on research, which now consists of thinking of something which no one else has done before, and then doing it as quickly as possible before they have a chance to. The written record, The Literature, as its slaves call it, is supreme. No longer could Sherlock Holmes carry on chemical research and solve other people's mysteries; all his skill at the second art would have to be used continually for the first. The new laws of science are very simple, and may in fact be reduced to a single one. It is considered cheating to repeat any experiment which has already appeared in The Literature, except, of course, for the purpose of refuting some rival's claims, or in industry. (This is regarded with the same horror as the demon Trade inspired a century ago. Industry is not spoken about. It is only a means of obtaining money.) Should one be unfortunate or careless enough to repeat someone else's work inadvertently, any account of this accident must start off with at least two paragraphs explaining that "this result was obtained independently of the work of Schaulmoogr and Knopxski (*Journal of the Outer Mongolian Astronomical Society*, 1952, XXXI, 22330-22335) . . . prior to the publications of Schaulmoogr *et al* . . . extends the work of Schaulmoogr and his co-workers . . . and anyway, we did it first, so there, only it took six months to get it published."

The Literature itself is of incredible size and complexity; the number of journals runs into thousands, and although some of these are of rather specialist interest, e.g., the *American Cranberry Growers Journal*, several hundred are of a depressingly general nature, and require reading by everyone. British journals are *Punch* coloured, and share with that journal several other characteristics; German journals appear at first sight to be so serious as to be forbidding, especially as one or two still use Gothic type. This has obviously occurred to the editors, who throw in a sop to the Alices in all of us by promising a definite number of *Abbildungen*, if not conversations. These pictures are usually disappointing. French journals are entirely mathematical. Whatever subject they deal with, their general format suggests an unhappy compromise between *l'Humanité* and a textbook of advanced calculus This may be because the French see everything in so logical a light that mathematics explains it all, or that French printers are not quite sure what science is, but are determined to make it impressive. To find out which reason is the most important would necessitate reading a French journal, and this is not likely to happen. American journals are written in American, which makes things so obscure that it is almost not cheating to repeat an American experiment.

Japanese journals are sometimes in English, sometimes in Japanese with English summaries, and in one fatal case, the *Journal of the Agricultural Chemical Society of Japan*, entirely in Japanese. The advertisements look very attractive. This custom of adding English summaries is probably the greatest triumph of British imperialism, it spreads to Italy, Spain, China, and South America, and one could be very pleased about it if it were not really intended for the U.S. In Russia, as might be expected, nothing peculiar can be found except an occasional sudden picture of Marshal Stalin, complete with a few lines of the mirror-writing that passes for a language in Russia, describing the debt owed by chemistry, physics, or basket-weaving to his great example.

The thought of all these journals, crowding the international postbags, each one representing the work of perhaps dozens of scientists, is so terrifying that it induces the kind of despairing stupor inseparable from world-thinking. It gives the impression of man as a blind, tunnelling animal, throwing out an enormous pile of knowledge behind him which he has not time to examine—especially when one considers the time that this has been going on. It appears at first sight that all chemistry was discovered in 1870 (in Germany) and all physics in 1910 (in Britain and points North), while astronomy grows more peculiar as its records are being read. The only hopeful side to the matter is that it is very pleasant to sit quietly in a library and see science advancing all round one, without the slightest necessity to go back to the bench and make it advance oneself; this kind of relaxation is really the reason why so few scientists, in the end, actually go mad.

TERENCE MCLAUGHLIN

he's a
CRAVEN
TOBACCO
man
You sail into a rich new smoking experience with every pipeful of CRAVEN TOBACCO. Cool and fragrant, CRAVEN smokes slowly and evenly, ashore or afloat. Try CRAVEN today and discover the true pleasure of pipe smoking.
CHOOSE FROM THREE FINE BLENDS
Craven Mixture 4/6 an oz.,
Craven Empire de luxe Mixture 4/2 an oz.,
Craven Empire Curly Cut 4/3 an oz.
FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCOS

Interview

"WHAT?" he said.

"I.R.A.," Browne said. "Is there any of it left, or is all that sort of thing forgotten?"

"Ah," he said. "Is it forgotten? That's an interesting question if ever there was one. Let me see now, is it forgotten? A man forgets many things to be sure. He forgets this and he also forgets that. He might even forget the green hills of old Ireland . . . ah, the green hills of old Ireland."

He sat there, ruminating. Staring at his shabby self in the mirror across the bar. "Ah me, what a dear, interesting face it is," he said.

"A Guinness?" I said.

"Whisky," he said. "Yes, a good time was had by all," he said, slapping his palm on the counter.

"When? In the good old Sinn Fein days?" Browne asked.

"Not at all, not at all," he said. "The other day at Baldoyle Races or whenever it was."

"Look," Browne said, "I must get an angle for the *Sunday What-not*. Something good. Did you have any interesting experiences in Easter 1916?"

"Did I not," he said. "I was married in Easter, 1916. Ah yes, we had some interesting experiences, we did indeed. Maeve her name was. Died in 1918, God rest her."

He hummed a tune. At the bottom of the bar the barman looked up from his evening paper and joined in the hum. The barman kept time with his tapping feet.

"Experiences," Browne said.

The lilting tune faded away.

"Entirely personal experiences you know, the like of which I am sure you have never heard. Old Maeve, God rest her, and me."

"Easter 1916," Browne said.

"Yes, my boy'o, Easter. Married then. Of course it was a very small affair, mind you. Chapel in the morning, drinks after, then off to Bray. Yes, 1916. Ah, what times we had!"

We were silent. We thought our own peculiar thoughts.

"Or was it Bray at all?"

"Have a Guinness," I said.

"Whisky."

"Have you ever thought of leaving Dublin?" Browne said.

"Dublin," he said, "is Dublin. There's no getting away from that. I love the old place as I love myself. Better."

What a smell of stout there was. What a smell of damp raincoats and sawdust and tweeds.

"Views on Dev.'s Budget," Browne said.

"The Budget," he said. "The Budget now. They take your money. They like your money very much indeed. But what does it matter? And what is money at all, tell me that?"

"You are mad," Browne said. "You are quite mad."

"Holy God," I heard him muttering. He took a toothpick from his trouser pocket, looked at it, and put it back again.

"What a rare old time we had at Baldoyle Races," he said. "Pat, Tom and Mick and all the rest of the lads up there. And the bar open the whole day. Oh dear oh. . . ."

"I suppose you detest partition, old man." Browne seemed to speak with a great effort. He kept very still.

"Wait a minute now. Wait a minute. I was in the British army in 1916. How in the name of goodness could I have been honeymooning! I am loosing all sense of decency, I am. I think it must have been 1926."

"Partition," Browne said.

"Ah, partition," he said. "Well, I might say partition is a good thing. And then again I might not. But I'll tell you a damn good story about it just the same. There's a priest and two virgins. The priest lives in the South and. . . ."

"Hell," Browne said.

As he left, Browne slipped on the dirty, wet floor. The sound of splashing traffic and the cries of newspaper boys pervaded the little bar as the door opened. Then it was quiet again . . . the rain pattering away on the windows.

"Ah me, the green, green hills of old Ireland," he said, draining his glass once more. There was a twinkle in his eye. How like a little mountain elf he was!

Perhaps he is, I thought.

"Guinness?" I said.

"Whisky," he said.

"Tell me now," he said, "Would you say I was mad? Would you now?"

"No," I said. "Just a matter of values."

"I hate the bloody hills of Ireland," he said.

"So do I."

"Now then," he said, "there's a good day's racing at Baldoyle to-morrow."

"Ah," said I.

BRIAN GARDNER

The Arts and Entertainment

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Drama

Mr. Emlyn Williams, following up the brilliant success of his readings from Dickens, has now embarked on the more ambitious project of giving us a whole novel at a time. He begins with *Bleak House*, which is now to be heard at the Ambassador's and which was the dramatic highlight of the Edinburgh Festival. If this attempt is a little less certainly successful it is the difficulties of the adaptation and not any deficiencies in the performance that make it so. For the purpose of the reading the novel has to be immensely compressed: there is time for us to hear only one twenty-fifth. Thus, in the middle section, we have to race along unravelling mere events in order to get through a plot. But of course the plot in Dickens is not really of much importance; it is the characters and atmosphere and, to a lesser extent, the events, that matter. Yet even if we do have a feeling in the middle of the impossible being attempted and missed, this remains a most brilliant and most entertaining virtuoso act. What seems to me the particular achievement of Mr. Williams's fine performance is the exactness with which he catches the Dickensian tone. As a prep school boy I remember my hair being raised by Mr. Bransby Williams's readings, from *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*; and then, at that age, it was the horror that chiefly impressed itself. Mr. Emlyn Williams seems to me a little less successful with the horror but with the pervading irony he was quite perfect; and he has that quality all too rare among actors today of really relishing every word he speaks. Dickens, of course, gives him opportunities which too few modern plays supply. How rich and various the language is, proliferating always into an extra surprise or metaphor or revealing detail. Nowadays, when we read—a remarkable performance like this serves to remind us—we read altogether too fast.

Specially commissioned for the Edinburgh Festival was Mr. Christopher Hassall's *The Player King*, a historical play in dead verse with Perkin Warbeck as its main character. Mr. Hassall does not seem to me to have quite made up his mind what he is aiming at. I suppose, judging from many of the scenes, and the curtains contrived for them especially, that he was trying to revive popular romantic costume drama at about the same level of taste as that which enjoys papier mâché gnomes planted in the front garden. But for this there is surely too much history, too much information to be conveyed, so that every scene has to begin with a couple of subsidiary characters planted there to tell us what has happened since the last curtain-fall. Perkin Warbeck, as he is presented here, was a pleasant ineffective young man persuaded by his natural mother, the Duchess of Burgundy, into becoming a pretender against his will. All he wanted was to live a quietly idyllic life, picnicking with Heather Stannard in the grounds of a Lowland castle supplied by James IV. But this the Spanish Ambassador couldn't allow and off the reluctant youth was packed to lead the Cornish rebellion which he bungled, though very endearingly. The play is well presented and effectively acted. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt worked hard on the plotting Duchess, Mr. Donald Britton gives a romantic sheen to the young hero, Mr. Noel Howlett has the most effective part, an unheroic Henry VII with the qualities of a good housewife.

Among the unsponsored ventures of Edinburgh, the London Club Theatre Group enterprisingly staged two shows in the St. Mary's Hall. They brought up from London a collection from the late-night revues of the Watergate and the Irving, added a topical top-dressing and, with a good cast headed by the talented Betty Marsden, drew crowded audiences after the theatre. A different cast presented an adaptation by Donald Pleasence of Stevenson's *Ebb Tide*. This makes a most effective melodrama. There are only four characters, Herrick, the seedy ex-public school boy throwing in his lot with the little rat Huish and the drunken Captain Davis arriving in a stolen ship at a lost Pacific island governed by a terrifying ex-missionary, Attwater. This is melodrama of the full-blooded "old fashioned" sort demanding from the actors the gusto and the relish of exaggeration. Mr. Willoughby Goddard was particularly round and full as the missionary with a gun on his hip and a safe stuffed with priceless pearls. Mr. Donald Pleasence, though at times a little hard to hear, was as nasty a rat as one may hope to find, and Mr. Michael Golden alternated drunkenly between repentance and vengeance. Mr. David Markham found the early scenes a little difficult but came into the picture at the end. Mr. Pleasence might be wise, by the way, to consider cutting the first scene altogether and working its substance into the second. I think that would immensely improve this very entertaining piece.

T. C. WORSLEY

Music

Chance has enabled me to hear within a fortnight two of the most important of modern German operas: Pfitzner's *Palestrina* at Munich and Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* at Edinburgh. There is a curious resemblance between the two works which is worth investigation.

The resemblance is not, of course, in the musical style. Hindemith has written his *Mathis* in the copious resourceful, somewhat didactic contrapuntal idiom of his instrumental works; while Pfitzner, whose music is scarcely known in England, speaks a language which might be loosely described as the German equivalent of Vaughan Williams—the Vaughan Williams of the Fifth Symphony and *Pilgrim's Progress*. The two operas have in common a symphonic, instrumental approach, and a discreet use of modal harmony to convey ecclesiastical atmosphere; but the similarity between them is essentially one of subject and idea. Both composers have written their own librettos—works of some literary distinction, though long-winded for musical purposes—and both have chosen virtually the same subject: the problems of an artist amid the political and religious struggles of the sixteenth century. Pfitzner, writing during the First World War, depicts a spiritual crisis in the career of Palestrina and contrasts the composer's inner conflicts with unedifying public wrangles of the Council of Trent. Hindemith, writing in 1934

with evident reference to the position of the German artist at that date, shows us the painter Mathias Grunewald drawn by sympathy to make common cause with the Peasants' Revolt, yet disgusted by the peasants' cruelty and ruthlessness; then subjected to spiritual torment, from which he emerges, a dedicated artist, to paint his Isenheim masterpiece; and at last, his appointed work done, bidding a Prospero-like farewell to the tools of his craft. In their stormy paths through the world, both artists are shown in close association with art-loving Cardinals: Palestrina (tenor) with Cardinal Borromeo (baritone), Mathis (baritone) with the Cardinal-Archbishop of Mainz (tenor); both artists attain resignation and humility in the final scenes. Hindemith, I think, has found for his drama the nobler and more subtle ending; but otherwise the libretto of *Palestrina* seems to me much superior to that of *Mathis der Maler*.

Not only has Pfitzner managed the political side of his plot more adroitly than Hindemith, but he has had the courage to omit the love interest which Hindemith introduces perfunctorily in the person of Ursula. Moreover, his choice of a musician for hero has helped him to produce a more telling portrait of genius at work. With great skill, Pfitzner has infused a hint of Palestrina's pure polyphony into his own late romantic style; and this union of seemingly incompatible elements is responsible for some of the most striking pages in his work. The climax of his first act, though it is long in coming, provides a memorable theatrical experience. Palestrina is left alone in deep dejection, the well of his inspiration apparently dry for ever. To him, in this dark night of his spirit, there appear the ghosts of earlier masters, who have themselves endured similar spiritual agonies; as they vanish, angel forms appear—first one, then another, then a whole rose-window-full of singing angels, from whom there streams a glorious flood of polyphony, which is taken up by the master himself, as in feverish haste he writes under the impulse of miraculously renewed inspiration. The vision fades, the composer sleeps, the great bells of Rome peal across the dawn, and with the returning light Palestrina's pupil and son enter to find the floor strewn with sheets of music paper.

The pity is that the rest of *Palestrina* is by no means on the same imaginative level. For one thing, the construction is lop-sided: the first act immensely long, the third disproportionately short. Between comes a vast historical set-piece in a somewhat different manner. A stormy session at the Council of Trent, with a huge cast of argumentative prelates, is set to music with astonishing virtuosity and with some pleasant touches of humour, in a style deriving ultimately from the first act of *Die Meistersinger*. Some of the disputants are characterised by subtle and striking themes, but not even the masterly staging of the scene by the Munich Opera could conceal the essentially unmusical nature of these long harangues and debates. The Germans possess a frightening capacity for not being bored, on which both Pfitzner and Hindemith have found it all too easy to rely.

Hindemith has constructed his opera on a different plan. He works without recurrent themes, and with a minimum of lyrical expansion. His opera is divided evenly into seven scenes (eight, if we count the last as two). In most of these scenes the music forges steadily ahead, like a strong swimmer, paying little heed to the emotions or reactions of the characters, but swallowing up their voluminous words at a remarkable rate. The voice parts, proceeding largely by even crotchets and quavers, remain for the most part defiantly unvocal. Many of the scenes end, or culminate, in brief and oddly stiff ensembles, in which again the characters remain stubbornly undifferentiated. A strange feature in a score so symphonically conceived is the absence of orchestral interludes linking scene to scene; with so many dead stops, the interest of the audience is inclined to evaporate. On the single occasion on which Hindemith uses this resource, he achieves a profoundly beautiful effect: I refer to the elegiac interlude (*Grablegung*) which divides the two parts of the final scene. By this stage, moreover, the composer has at last shed the brusque impersonality of the earlier political scenes; and at least three of the characters (Mathis, the Cardinal and the pathetic Regina) have become human beings. It is the previous scene in the Odenwald which effects the change; and we can almost lay our finger on the moment—one of the few notable vocal moments in the score—when the pure high soprano of Regina strikes into the Engelkonzert music with the repeated canto fermo of her carol, "Es sungen drei Engel." It is true that in the following nightmare Hindemith's essentially straightforward temperament fails to evoke the world of Hieronymus Bosch; but the scene works up to an effective theatrical climax, and all that follows is worthy of the sublime subject. The final pages, as the selfless artist lays aside the tools of his craft, attain a rarefied beauty unique in opera.

The Hamburg performance of this complex and not always grateful work was weakest on the vocal side. No singer approached the insight and beauty of Patzak's Munich performance in the title-role of *Palestrina*; but Helmuth Melchert sang the part of the Archbishop with remarkable accuracy and skill. Mathieu Ahlersmeyer was too rough and too unsteady to give a faithful impression of Mathis's music; and the singing of the peasant leader was so crude as to affect, I fear, the political sympathies of the audience. Ursula (Elfriede Wasserthal) and Regina (Anneliese Rothenberger) were on a higher level. Under Leopold Ludwig, the orchestra was satisfactory; Gunther Rennert's production was highly dramatic and imaginative, as was also his *Rosenkavalier*. Of this, of the remaining operas of the Festival, and of the magnificent Concertgebouw Orchestra, I shall be writing next week.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Affair in Trinidad," at the Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion
"Les Mains Sales," at the New Gallery
"Histoire d'Amour," at the Cameo-Polytechnic

She's Back!! The slogan has a functional simplicity, and so has the film, a threadbare reworking of the Hayworth apotheosis, *Gilda*. Trinidad Rita, mysteriously widowed, is informed by the Port of Spain police that her husband was involved in an espionage ring (Soviet-instigated, of course), and bravely agrees to help save America from a fate worse than V2s. The plot—though it contains one delicious sequence in which Rita, in a sumptuous bit of cleavage, trailing a tulle handkerchief, performs her spy mission at night, whisking through secret papers, noting the vital formulæ without a moment's hesitation—could not matter less; especially, one guesses, to the writers. The only concern is for the star to go through her series of ritual acts and postions. She does two barefoot, knees-up numbers, purveying her erotic *kitsch* with all the old, absurdly enjoyable authority; she gets her kisser smacked, and is given a glamorous sleepless night, sadly puffing at a cigarette on her tropical veranda in a riggish *robe de chambre*.

As the myth insists, she comes out of it all as essentially a Good Girl (she hasn't, she confesses, been in anyone's arms for over a year), thrilled at the prospect of settling down to married life in Chicago. There is something fascinating in the monstrous assurance of *Affair in Trinidad*. Hollywood is seldom so confident today of a star's dominion over her public that it would allow her to return, after three years' absence, in such a perfunctory farrago; the effortless taking-up of a legend where it left off reminds one of an earlier era.

Neither of the two new French films is particularly distinguished. There was little point, really, in trying to film Sartre's *Les Mains Sales*; the play's unshakeable virtue was its tight theatrical workmanship, its cleverly assembled *coups de théâtre*. With the action conventionally broken

How many S's in fashion?

There are *three*, so far as your retailer of textiles is concerned, for he must meet his customers' requirements in *Size*, in Style and in Shade. That he can do so successfully is largely due to the W.T.A. Wholesaler, who enables him to offer his customers a choice of the finest products from many factories all over the country.

WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION

DISTRIBUTION FOR THE NATION IS CARRIED OUT BY MEMBERS OF THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION

THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION, 75 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Study at Home for a DEGREE!

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without "going into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases, two). You can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall courses have enabled hundreds of men and women to acquire Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. PROSPECTUS from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VII 89,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Give the Dean a hearing!

EMPRESS HALL Earls Court
Sunday, September 14th, 6.45 p.m.

The DEAN OF CANTERBURY will speak
with
DUKE OF BEDFORD
S. O. DAVIES, M.P.
J. B. FIGGINS
and other speakers in support

Tickets (Unres., 10/6, 7/6, 5/-, 2/6) from The Vestry, 24 Old Gloucester Street, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. HOL 1126 or at the door.

In the belief that the Dean of Canterbury should not be denied the opportunity of publicly stating his case, this Meeting is being organised and sponsored by the following committee:

Prof. V. Gordon Childe — Dr. E. Woodard
Mrs. J. Street — Rev. Mercer Wilson
Gordon Schaffer — Mrs. Leah Manning
Sylvia Townsend Warner and others.

up, off-stage incidents brought on-screen—typical of what unimaginative film-makers think necessary in theatrical adaptations—this construction is destroyed, and the rest looks more dubious than before. Sartre's characters seldom seem more than ingenious abstractions, condensed types manœuvred to make an intellectual point. Here he is observing two Communist prototypes: the tormented intellectual, dedicated to integrity and thus paralysed in will; and the Party leader he is deputed, for internal reasons, to assassinate, the shrewd political man of action who accepts that compromise and intrigue are practical necessities. Long arguments on ends and means paralyse the intellectual still further; then, ironically, he is able to kill the man of action because he believes him to be making love to his wife. Sartre has a further irony in store. After serving a sentence for *crime passionel*, the intellectual comes out of prison to find that Party policy has changed and the assassination is now considered a mistake. Unable to accept this, he himself is liquidated.

All *Les Mains Sales* seems to be expressing is a fairly conventional "liberal" disillusion with politics. At least on the stage it did so in terms of effective melodrama, but this pedestrian screen version emphasises the underlying lack of humanity, the journalistic approach. This is particularly noticeable with the characters not there to prove a specific point, supposed to be interesting in themselves (the wife, the Communist girl); they seem terribly concocted. The acting is no more than adequate, Daniel Gélin as the intellectual and Pierre Brasseur as the Party leader suggesting the types without bringing much individuality or passion to them.

When you buy "ASPRO" you get a MODERN medicine that gives you maximum quick action with NO harmful after-effects. "ASPRO" hits rapidly home at colds, dispels feverishness, relieves pain and soothes the nerves. "ASPRO" is made for RESULTS—it gives Nature the opportunity it needs to put you right without loss of time. Always keep—

'ASPRO'

READY for ACTION READY for YOU

Made as purely as a perfect process CAN make it. Made with infinite care under exacting supervision. Each tablet sealed individually so that it comes to you untouched and unharmed.

Prices: 5D (4 tablets) **& 1/9** (12 tablets) Made by ASPRO LTD Slough, Bucks

— **BULGARIAN DAY OF LIBERATION**
Anniversary Meeting, Conway Hall,
Thursday, Sept. 11 at 7.45 p.m.
W.M.A. Singers with Bulgarian Songs.
Dance Team with Bulgarian Dances
Speakers: **H. E. The Bulgarian Minister & R. Palme Dutt**
Chairman: Cmdr. E. Young, R.N. (rtd.)
Admission free *Collection*
Committee for Friendship with Bulgaria

AFTER–SHAVE EASE

When your skin tingles and feels taut and inflamed after ordinary shaving, learn the soothing, cooling joy that comes with the rich, mildly medicated lather of

Cuticura SHAVING STICK

★ *Now in smart plastic case* ★

Histoire d'Amour, which shows a middle-aged police inspector tracing the cause of a young lovers' suicide pact (rich girl, poor boy), and finding it due to the interference and social prejudice of parents, is only a potboiler. It has a melancholy interest, though, for being Louis Jouvet's last film. The unforgettable stance and walk, the rich variety of quizzing glances, the ability to invest ordinary movements—sitting in a chair, accepting a cigarette, hesitating before asking a question—with sudden dramatic tension, once again create a character of genuine temperament and depth. It is curious that this kind of acting, so conscious of itself, so full of technique, suited the cinema so well. The fact is, it never seems too theatrical because of its intense discipline and economy, and its expressive mobilities prove a great advantage. They dispense with much functional dialogue, so many of the boring yes's and no's and please's and thank you's, creating character with a concentrated force and a minimum of distraction.

GAVIN LAMBERT

TELEVISION NOTES

GEOFFREY GRIGSON'S series of talks on art, *Pleasures and Painting*, seems to be based on an excellent idea, to judge from the third programme called *The Follies of Man*. This idea is quite simply to talk more about the content of pictures than their technique. Our present television channels we have always to remember, is a universal one, and because of this (since many viewers will obstinately keep their set switched on for programmes they may not like) it can win attention for the arts which might well be withheld had television its own Third Programme. Mr. Grigson talks about pictures easily and unpretentiously; he keeps entirely out of vision and concentrates on a particular kind of art which he illustrates by means of a selected group of works, in this case caricatures by artists such as Hogarth, Rowlandson, Goya and Brueghel. The camera sees either the whole or part of the picture, timing its emphasis in relation to what is being said. This may be "the plain man's guide," but it is agreeably done and it is well worth doing.

It is programmes like *Struggle Against Adversity* that show that the medium is capable of producing a special form of documentary entirely its own. The programme in this series called *Foster Child* was far more instantaneously effective than any film could be, though Margaret Thompson's film on the same subject, *A Family Affair*, from which a certain number of shots were culled, has led to the adoption of many children, and took us on celluloid into homes where foster children have settled down to family life. With Jeanne Heal as a courteous and never condescending interviewer, it enables us to meet actual foster parents, hear their problems and their triumphs discussed and to learn the views of experts like the warm-hearted doctor with a Scottish accent who immediately established himself as a personality ideally suited to television.

The production, by Dennis Vance and Peter Cotes, of *The Same Sky* gave viewers the chance to see for the first time the work of one of the very best of our younger actresses, Yvonne Mitchell. *The Same Sky* is her own play, and whether you think of her as actress or dramatist, few people can have had so successful a debut on television. This moving play about the effect on their two families of a wartime love affair between a Jewish girl, Esther Brodsky, and a non-Jewish soldier, Jeff Smith, is told entirely from within the Jewish household. The hostile reactions of Jeff's mother to the marriage are revealed only through her son's fears. It was in the creation of this small back-street Jewish household that the production of *The Same Sky* succeeded so well. The cameras never obtruded by unnecessary movement or unskilful cutting between viewer and character. The mother acted by Joan Miller was a brilliant study; she created from the start an emotional dominance of her family which gave roots and reason to her daughter's dilemma in wanting to marry a Christian. George Coloúris as the father, who is always working overtime at night with his sewing machine occupying the family table, gave another striking character study, and the boy, Manny, the pride of both his parents, but secretly oppressed by the anti-Jewish attitude of his school-fellows, was most sympathetically played by Alaric Cotter. These characters, with the gay little off-hand sister (Joy Rodgers), who remained part and parcel of the family though she was so much more English and nationally acclimatised than the rest, provided a rich background to the deeply felt emotional quality of Yvonne Mitchell's own performance as the girl.

ROGER MANVELL

Six Young Contemporaries, at Gimpel Fils

This exhibition, now an annual event, contains five or six works by six painters selected from the large, student *Young Contemporaries* show. A £50 prize for a single picture raises the problem of assessing such work. Probably the most accurate indication of a painter's maturity is his use of colour. The naturalness with which he deals with colour is the rough equivalent of tact in human relations, and is the result of his having definite aims and of being able to handle, almost automatically, the everyday functional problems of his art. None of these painters is yet mature in this sense. But just as one expects a young man to be intense but somewhat tactless, one expects the work of a young painter to be uneven and rather unorganised. Slickness—the facility to evade instead of solve problems—is as disappointing as superficial *savoir faire*. Consequently, prizes should be awarded for the nature of the struggle rather than for polish. In fact, the selected winner is M. D'Aguilar whose atmospheric sketches are fluent but far too easy. The same applies, to a lesser extent, to D. Hawkins' still-lives—not because they show the influence of Matisse (the more influences, the better), but because they imply nothing more than rare sensibility. B. Lacey has a good painting of some red-bricked suburban houses—notice how well the grey sky "holds" the red, and acts as an indefinable but oncoming ceiling. M. T. Toothill is original but so unpainterly that one wonders whether he is using the right medium. John Sewell is a social realist whom we shall certainly hear more about later. And to Anthony Whishaw (born 1930) I myself would have awarded the prize: for the passage of the straining horse's head in *The Bullfight*, and indeed for the total imaginative attempt behind the failure of the painting as a whole.

J. B.

Festival Ballet, at the Royal Festival Hall

Last week the Festival Ballet company invited Yvette Chauviré to dance *Giselle* on the uncomfortably shallow stage at the Festival Hall. The ballerina, though physically unsuited to the role chosen for her first appearance, gave a distinguished performance. She was never a young girl and never in the least mad, both essential, one would have thought, for Giselle, and yet she was able to hold us by her constant artistry. One of her great qualities, and one that contrasts much to the disadvantage of the dancers with whom she appeared, is her precision. It is an unaffected precision of behaviour and timing in which she never grimaces or over-emphasises, never blurs or under-plays a sentiment or movement. The lifting of her arms holds the most delicate elegance and her hands seem to balance on the air with the lightest weight imaginable. It is some time since a mad Giselle has been seen in London. Margot Fonteyn's insanity last season was but a half-witted shadow of her earlier performances, when Markova's bold hysteria was still the traditional playing of the part. But I suspect that ballerinas have become afraid of looking at all ugly, they are grown so refined; though the hideousness of Giselle's frenzy is one of the essentials to the climax of the drama, contrasting poignantly with the simple beauty of her appearance before she is betrayed. Mlle Chauviré hardly attempted more than a faint battiness, yet she played this feelingly, and as a woodland Wili shed an aura of half-mortal melancholy and love that was most enchanting. The Festival *corps de ballet* acquitted itself well in the classic; though in the first ballet, *Beau Danube*, they danced with a clumsiness seldom excelled.

A. F.

Correspondence

CHINESE EXECUTIONS

SIR,—Critic, in last week's Diary, says that he hopes that the 32 Englishmen who have gone on a visit to Peking will tell us on their return whether "the executions" of 1½ million Chinese by their Government in the last few years "were really necessary." It would be useful and interesting if Critic would give some indication to them and to us under what circumstances the execution of 1½ million persons by a Government is "really necesary."

Monk's House, LEONARD WOOLF
Rodmell, Lewes, Sussex.

SIR,—Will you allow me to comment on Critic's tendentious paragraph in last week's issue about a certain mission to Peking, please? Was it so very important to emphasise that these "thirty-two lucky people, some Communists, some fellow-travellers, others sympathetic persons, have left by plane for Peking, through Prague and Moscow?" On their return—says Critic—"they must tell us what the Chinese say about the million and a half 'enemies of the people' who, *it is apparently admitted*, have been executed since the revolution." The charge is a trifle vague; one would like a little precision about dates and who or what it was that made this "admission." I calculate that to dispatch a million and a half victims at the rate of a thousand a day—and that is surely enough of a handful to massacre and dispose of daily—would require more than four years of unremitting application including Sundays. Would it not have done—Critic goes on—to disarm obstinate followers of Chiang? This is rather pathetic. Disarm them—and what then? Deport them to Formosa? Or concentrate them and "forced-labour" them? Don't tell it to the marines, tell the Americans. Critic hopes, too, that the visitors will notify the Chinese "that indiscriminate charges of warmongering are not really a help to peace." I should hardly think that necessary. Can't they see for themselves what is happening in Korea, on their own borders, and, as the press exultingly reports, within twelve miles of the Russian frontier? And has Critic nothing more helpful to offer than his casual *tu quoque*?

Hillside, Duton Hill, A. E. COPPARD
Dunmow.

SIR,—As one of the six lucky British people—myself a non-Communist—who went to China for May Day, I think it is only right that I should reply to some of Critic's queries. It is not easy to find the correct people to whom to address these questions, but during our long talks with ambassadors and others we obtained the following information from one of the leading Asiatic diplomats.

When Chiang departed for Formosa with huge stocks of Chinese gold and treasures, he left large numbers of his army in plain clothes to return to their villages to await his call. Apparently very little happened to them until a U.S. general began to plan in Hong Kong and Formosa for landings on the China mainland. At this point the People's Government arrested and shot a large number of these "enemies of the people."

Our informant calculated that there had been more shootings when De Gaulle liberated France, in proportion to the population, than when Mao liberated China. I do not recall that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION protested against the shooting of Laval and other collaborators, although at that time there was no chance of the U.S. supporting an expeditionary force to rescue them!

All the Chinese that I met understood quite well that the standard of living in England was far higher than in China; indeed, the general argument was that we have all lived very well because the Chinese and others have been kept as colonial people for so long. As regards war-mongering, one finds oneself in an impasse. The Chinese point out that they have neither atomic nor napalm bombs and virtually no bombers. They tell you the obvious truth, that they have many decades of hard work ahead of them in which to industrialise their country. They point out they have no soldiers on the American continent, nor have they any ships with which to prevent the U.S. battleships patrolling the Formosa seas. After such statements, one finds oneself in a humbler position and not so anxious to carry on with the "White man's burden." A. S. HORSLEY

[Critic, who also comments in his London Diary, writes: "This journal has throughout welcomed the Chinese Revolution, and I have no doubt of its immense benefit to the Chinese people. I have myself given (from, I believe, the same source as Mr. Horsley's) the facts about Chiang's plans for using these 'enemies of the people.' I am well aware that you cannot carry out a revolution with rose water; my query was whether, in order to defeat the danger of war from Formosa, it was necessary to execute a million and a half, or whether to disarm them might not have been adequate.

On the other points it is clear that Mr. Horsley is out of touch with current controversy. My point about the standard of living turned on reports that some British visitors have recently been describing to the Chinese the horrors of shopping in England, and my remark about 'war-mongering' was not to justify the retention of Formosa or the American bombing of the Chinese frontier (which I have consistently and notoriously opposed), but to criticise Peking's indiscriminate charges of war-mongering directed at almost everyone in the West."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

REPUBLICAN FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—It would be gravely underestimating the sinister importance of Mr. Eisenhower's outburst to the American Legion to write it off as merely a piece of personal electioneering exuberance or even as a case of "Generals will be Generals."

Mr. Eisenhower was expounding the Republican Party foreign policy, adopted at the Chicago Convention, on which he hopes to become President. Mr. John Foster Dulles, the principal author of this foreign policy, described it to the Convention as "liberation, not containment."

Mr. Dulles will no doubt be Secretary of State if Mr. Eisenhower becomes President (and carries out his obligations to Senator Taft by making General MacArthur Secretary of Defence). He has been the top-ranking adviser to the Democratic Secretary of State, and he has expounded his views in *Life* of June 16 last in an article on "A New Foreign Policy," where he calls for a "dynamic" and "positive" policy, and says: "Even the present lines will not hold unless our purpose goes beyond confining Soviet Communism within its present orbit." He talks of "twenty-odd non-Western nations . . . next door to the Soviet world" who at present feel that they are "expendable" and in constant danger because "the United States, the historic leader of the forces of freedom, seems dedicated to the negative policy of 'containment' and 'stalemate.'"

Observing that "as a matter of fact some highly competent work is being done at one place or another to promote liberation" which obviously cannot be mentioned publicly, he argues that opposition to existing regimes in the Soviet Union's neighbours will not be sustained "unless the United States makes it publicly known that it wants and expects liberation to occur." Therefore the President of the United States and Congress must make it clear that "U.S. policy seeks as one of its peaceful goals the eventual restoration of genuine independence in the nations of Europe and Asia now dominated by Moscow, and that we will not be a party to any deal confirming the rule of Soviet despotism over the alien people which it now dominates."

The reference to secret American "liberation-promoting activities" in the neighbours of the Soviet Union is to the 100 million dollars a year Congress is spending on subsidising and arming and equipping subversive groups and sabotage agents within the Communist-governed countries. U.S. policy is already one of anti-Communist intervention and interference in the internal affairs of other countries by diplomatic, economic and even military means on the side of extreme reactionaries and ex-collaborators—the European pendants to the support of Bao Dai, Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee in the Far East. American official arrogance grows with the country's armaments. As their power increases her leaders are raising their political sights. They are aiming to-day at nothing less than the assassination

B.Sc. ECON.
— University of London

● The above Degree is *open to all without residence*, and provides a valuable qualification for men and women who seek executive appointments in commerce or industry, government or municipal posts, or promotion in the teaching profession. Study for the Degree covers a course of wide and interesting reading. U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students by post for the required examinations. The College is an Educational Trust, with a staff of highly qualified specialist Tutors. Fees are moderate and may be paid by instalments.

★ PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar,

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
70 Burlington House, Cambridge

BRITISH BUSINESS OVERSEAS
School of Oriental and African Studies
University of London, W.C.1

Short courses of background lectures are offered to business men and others covering the social, political and economic problems of the countries of the following regions:—

The Middle East
The Indian Sub-Continent

Intensive instruction in the languages of these areas can also be given.

For further details apply to the Organizer of Special Courses at the above address.

Telephone enquiries: MUSeum 2025, ext. 25

THE COLLEGE OF ESTATE MANAGEMENT
St. Alban's Grove, Kensington, W.8.

Courses of one year's duration in preparation for the examinations of:—

The Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors, (Land Agency Sub-division).
The Chartered Auctioneers and Estate Agents' Institute.
The Land Agents' Society.
University of London Degree of B.Sc. (Estate Management).

Day and Evening Courses for the Professional Examinations commence in April, and Day courses for the B.Sc. Degree in October. Also, Postal courses for all the above Examinations of 12, 18 and 24 months duration.

Applications to the Secretary. *Tel.: Western 1546.*

IRVING THEATRE CLUB
Rendezvous for **PLAYERS and PLAYGOERS**
Regular Seasons of **INTIMATE PLAYS & REVUES**
Licensed till **midnight.**
Food counter.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS:
Full Members 21/-. Theatre Members 5/-. Members of Equity or V.A.F., 10/6.
Apply 17, **IRVING ST., W.C.2.**
Leicester Square (WHI 1678, 8657)

Short Story Writing

Short story writing is the ideal hobby. Learn the essential technique by post—the Regent way. In a fascinating course you are shown how to get plots, how to construct, and where to sell MSS.

Post this advertisement to The Regent Institute (Dept. C 191), Palace Gate, London, W.8—enclosing a 2½d. stamp—for **"Stories that Sell Today"** (a special bulletin) and **"How to Succeed as a Writer"** (an informative prospectus).

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

of world peace for the sake of an anti-Communist crusade.

It is important to realise that the containment of Communism to which this country, as well as the United States, has long been officially committed was from the beginning nothing but a halfway house to an anti-Communist crusade.

Mr. George F. Kennan, when as head of the policy-planning staff of the State Department he first publicly formulated the policy of "containment," argued that it was not "limited to holding the line and hoping for the best" because, although "American behaviour unassisted and alone could not exercise a power of life and death over the Communist movement and bring about the early fall of Soviet power in Russia," the U.S. could eventually, through "containing" the U.S.S.R. all around its frontiers, promote tendencies which would end by breaking up or changing the Soviet regime. K. ZILLIACUS

39 Clifton Gardens,
London, W.9.

ABDUCTED CHILD

SIR,—In the issue of *The Times* dated August 26 there was a report of a ruling by the court of appeal of the U.S. High Commission in Frankfurt regarding an 11-year-old boy abducted by the Nazis from his native Yugoslavia during the war. The boy's father was shot by the Gestapo when the child was two years old, and his mother was sent to the Auschwitz concentration camp. The child, after a period in a Nazi orphanage, was adopted by a Sudeten German family living in Yugoslavia, who after the war were expelled from the country and settled in Germany. The boy's mother was eventually released from Auschwitz and, with the assistance of the International Refugee Organisation and the Yugolav Red Cross, she was able to trace her son. She petitioned for his return.

The mother, apparently, was unsuccessful in her efforts to regain her son, and the court of appeal of the U.S. High Commission has now confirmed that the boy should *not* be returned to his mother. The court is empowered to take into account the politics of the countries concerned in such a case, and in this particular case is reported to have stated that, although Yugoslavia, "seems not as bad socially and democratically as most Communist dictatorships, we think it compares economically unfavourably with free enterprise Western Germany as a place to be brought up in."

One of the judges, to his credit, dissented from the decision of the court and stated bluntly:

> "To hold that a former Nazi S.S. trooper is entitled to the custody of this child as against the natural mother who, as far as this record discloses, is a proper person and has a proper home, is to bring to a successful culmination the Nazi plan of abducting and incorporating into the German population certain selected children."

The majority opinion of the court defended the verdict on the grounds that it would be cruel to take the child from the people he thinks are his parents, from his companions and surroundings, and to send him to an alien environment. This reads as though the court was intent on finding plausible reasons to justify a verdict based essentially on political considerations. Even in this age, when acts of gross political injustice have become almost familiar reading, such a verdict must incense all who have any human feeling for the relationship between mother and child.

Incidentally, does this verdict help to throw any light on the Soviet wives' controversy? At the time, the Russians alleged that the Western Powers were refusing to return Soviet children who had been abducted to Germany, but who had been subsequently traced. Even if this were true, it does not justify the action of the Soviet Government against the wives, but it might help to explain why they adopted such an uncompromising attitude.

Hounslow. J. E. MORTIMER

OVER-POPULATION

SIR,—In his excellent article on Dutch over-population ("Moral Empire"), Mr. Ritchie Calder has committed a slight sin of omission. Writing of the proposed new Dutch settlement in Brazil, Mr. Calder said "the migration is not subsidised." He was referring, of course, to the Dutch Government, and this is true.

The Provisional Intergovernmental Committee for the Movement of Migrants from Europe, however, is subsidising this movement of 50 Dutch farming pioneer families who will settle near Castro in the Brazilian State of Parana. The Migration Committee, of which both the Netherlands and Brazil are members, has agreed to contribute up to 225,000 guilders towards the sea transport of the colonists.

Brazil has allocated an amount equivalent to 1,500,000 guilders for installation and maintenance costs for the initial two years and the State of Parana will advance credit to the colonists to permit them to purchase land.

Fifty of the Castro group, representing five families, will have sailed from Rotterdam on September 5, along with 230 cows, as well as tractors, jeeps, agricultural machinery, seeds, fertilisers and household furnishings. Three other Dutch families left Holland at the close of 1951 as a vanguard to prepare the way for those to follow. In all, more than 300 persons will resettle on the Castro lands, bringing with them 1,000 cows, 15 jeeps, 12 tractors, an entire dairy plant and other equipment necessary to assure the colony's future.

The Migration Committee, created last December, is composed of 20 Governments anxious to right a dangerous anomaly: over-population in Western Europe existing alongside a serious lack of manpower in the fast-developing areas of South America, Canada and Australia. The pressures of surplus peoples have been increased by two post-war factors: (1) refugee flights from the East and (2) the loss of colonies which once provided an important safety valve. This situation is most critical in Italy, Greece, Germany, Austria, Trieste and Holland, and it is in these countries that the Committee is working to stimulate additional overseas migration.

Office of Public Information, SIDNEY SHORE
Committee for the Movement of Migrants,
Geneva.

FILMS AND DOLLARS

SIR,—Like Paul Rotha, I also approach the problems of the British film production industry from the premise of full employment, and for more reasons than that of not wasting the long-trained skill of our creative technicians. I was therefore surprised that, in writing of the film quota system designed to protect British films from undercutting by the U.S., he made no mention of the Renters' Quota—the simple and effective method that for twenty years ensured the production of British films.

Recently published figures from the Board of Trade prove what film people have known for many years—that the renter (or distributor) is the dominant person in film production here. In 1950 only eight of the 61 British films over 6,500 feet in length were produced without any financial assistance or guarantee from a renter, and this sponsoring was usually to the tune of some three-quarters of the total production costs of the films.

It should be clear from this that because of their important part in production, all renters, be they British or American, who import Hollywood films into this country, should be compelled to be responsible for a proportion of British films. This is precisely what the Renters' Quota did for over twenty years—until America forced us to abandon this protective keystone of our production.

The current films talks in Washington are an opportunity for insisting that the Renters' Quota be restored, if America is to continue draining some £14 million from Britain every year for showing their films in our cinemas. ADRIAN BRUNEL

BLOOD ON THE BEACHES

SIR,—While agreeing with most of Helen Gosse's article, she misses one very important point, and that is that the broken glass menace is not entirely the fault of "careless picnickers." The public authorities are very much to blame for their totally inadequate provision of litter baskets. We have done a good deal of picnicking this summer in parks and on beaches, and have many times had to bring our rubbish back with us because there was simply nowhere to put it. Milk and mineral bottles are heavy to carry around all day, and so they get dumped. The one bright exception we came across was Battersea Pleasure Gardens.

Surely it would be relatively simple to provide portable litter baskets *on the beaches*, which would help to remind those who don't usually bother to use them and prevent the rest of us from wandering along the "prom" trying to find an empty one.

22 Grafton Underwood, JOAN HILL
Nr. Kettering, Northants.

LONDON EGGS

SIR,—The weekly rationed egg cracks dispiritedly into the cup leaving a trail of greenish black fluid (thank heaven I did not try to boil it). Controlling nausea I rescue the discoloured shell; for, without this putrefying proof, I cannot stake another claim and, who knows, I may be lucky next time. But, "when you have to work it takes quite a time to queue for a bad egg," says my sympathetic grocer. In the country my friends do not keep hens because of the milkman's daily question: "Six or twelve this morning?" Or, of course, there is the accommodating farmer near-by. What is the solution? The London housewife is too long-suffering. My patience is exhausted. DOREEN MARSTON.

London.

BOOKS

Telephone: EUSton 4282 (7 lines) Established 1844

Recent Literature and Text-books on Medicine, Science, Technology. Catalogues on request.

FOREIGN BOOKS supplied from stock or obtained to order.

SECOND-HAND DEPT.
140 GOWER STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

LENDING LIBRARY
MEDICAL, SCIENTIFIC, TECHNICAL
Annual Subscription from 25s.
Prospectus free on application.
Bi-monthly list of New Books and New Editions added to the Library, sent post free on request.

H. K. LEWIS & Co. Ltd.
London: 136 GOWER STREET, W.C.1

HEFFER'S

The Bookshop known the world over. New and secondhand. English and foreign books. Learned and rare works bought. lists invited.

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD
PETTY CURY, CAMBRIDGE

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examination; B.Sc. Econ., LL.B. and other external London University Degrees. Civil Service, Local Government and Commercial Examinations, etc.

Also expert postal tuition for Prelim. Exams. and for the professional exams. in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, etc., and many intensely practical home-study courses in commercial subjects.

MORE THAN 58,000 POST-WAR EXAMINATION SUCCESSES

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Textbook lending library. Moderate fees payable by instalments. Write to-day for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the secretary.

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE

(Dept. 4) ST. ALBANS or call, 30, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4

Books in General

PROFESSOR RAY, who has edited Thackeray's *Letters* and who is working on a *Life*, has paused to make an interesting aside on his researches: *The Buried Life** is a short examination of the family sources from which the novelist took many of his characters. Amelia in *Vanity Fair* is divided between his Irish wife and the cool, inciting and disappointing figure of Mrs. Brookfield: Miss Crawley is, in essentials, Thackeray's maternal grandmother: Jos Sedley was George Trant Shakespear, Thackeray's cousin, a lazy and gluttonish buffoon, notorious for his timidity with women. Farce always attended him on his travels. Losing his four hats on a voyage to India, he was obliged to go about with "a strange thing on his head like a little horn"; at Cairo, a fat and cheerful Abyssinian woman who was for sale in the slave market, picked the dismayed misogynist as a desirable buyer. Mr. Shakespear finally committed suicide in Geneva, no one knows why; but his violent end in *Vanity Fair*, which was made preposterous by the implication that Becky Sharp murdered him, is an obvious example of the danger of unassimilated truth to the novelist. Other originals are Thackeray's mother (Helen Pendennis) his step-father (Colonel Newcome), his uncle, Col. Merrick Shawe (Major Pendennis) and outside the family there is Mrs. Brookfield.

For a novelist, a curiosity about the originals of his characters is often exasperating. It also frequently misleads. Was Mr. Micawber Dickens's father? The father was a good deal less engaging than the character. Whether the originals—or, more generally, their friends and relations—are pleased or annoyed, it is always forgotten that large injections of the novelist himself have gone into these characters; that, in addition, traits of other people and some suggested by literature may have been added too. Thackeray had taken the name of Amelia from Fielding's novel and was already pre-disposed, by Fielding's portrait, to formalising that kind of domestic virtue in womanhood; but he was never sure about what parts of his own Amelia came from his wife and what came from Mrs. Brookfield. If there were no object beyond portraiture in the novel, there would be no novels, for the obligations of the novelist are not the same as those of the biographer who is rightly criticised when he leaves out the evidence or misreads it. Professor Ray's interest in Thackeray's originals is not, however, the common scandalous one. What he hopes to find in them is the key to Thackeray's personal life and, with this in his hand, to examine the chief contemporary complaint about the novelist. The defects which drive away the modern reader are Thackeray's moralising sentimentality, his mawkish grandiloquence and garrulous cynicism. There is a startling difference between the often brilliantly observed scene and the dubious pious judgments he makes upon it.

Before we take up this point, we must be clear about one thing: Thackeray saw society in panorama and, perhaps because of lack of constructive skill or profound imaginative power, he found it necessary to place himself personally in the picture and to wander about in it, backwards and forwards in time, like some ubiquitous compère. He was an observer of character rather than a possessor of the creative empathy. It is the essence of his art that his people depend on his personal presence, and his commentary is a device for moving from scene to scene. The Victorian novelists were, nearly all of them, histrionic writers and when Thackeray regarded the world as a stage—indeed as nothing else—he discarded the impersonal narrator for one who always has his own act. Where his emotions are not personally committed, this actor's commentary of his heightens the effect; where he is committed, there is the inevitable blur of focus. The difficulty is, as Professor Ray says, that he shares the sentimentality of his commentary with other Victorian novelists. He was not the only one, in that violent age, when domestic life must have been in constant peril from the dramatic vicissitudes of financial fortune and when the spectacle of crime and poverty must have been appalling, to elevate the docile virtues of the hearth to a position of sacredness beyond criticism. Since Butler, Shaw and Freud we have found the notion intolerable. The Amelias and Helen Pendennises ruin their sons. They fill the clinics. Sentimentality, we say with D. H. Lawrence, conceals the private disaster. The cult of the child-wife and the silly angel does not seem to us a manifestation of pure tenderness but of concealed perversity.

In Thackeray's personal life, as Professor Ray shows, there is a double reason for the idealisation of the home and the simple, fond and foolish woman. He was born in India and was sent home alone to England early in childhood, very much in the manner of Kipling's terrible history. After the privilege, colour and affection he had known in India, the severity and loneliness of the life which the English upper classes thought suitable for children, embittered Thackeray very young. An upbringing of that kind is designed to cool the passions, to make them sociably amenable by turning them into sentiments or regrets. It is the hard school of English irony which, itself, is made subservient to the requirements of society. Thackeray cannot be said to have suffered as much as some Anglo-Indians, for he was reunited to his adored mother and amiable step-father early in boyhood, but he had had the English cold douche. The second shock came with the insanity of his wife and the breaking up of his home. To him there appeared to be only two worlds: the lost home which was heaven where angels ministered, and outside-the-home, where Mammon reigned like a corrupt and glamorous Nabob and from which one returned with remorse. Attached securely to neither world, he became an itinerant cynic in self-protection; his upbringing and his relations belonged half to the raffish, eighteenth-century society of Calcutta, and half to the mid-Victorian age. He set up as that far from engaging personage, the man of the world, for whom ironical sentiment is the easy passport and one is as often embarrassed by the worldliness of Thackeray, his facility in having his cake and eating it, as one is by his panegyrics of virtue.

Professor Ray concedes that the startling difference between Thackeray's exact observation of characters like Amelia, Mrs. Pendennis and Colonel Newcome, and the gushing judgments he makes upon them, is a fault. Thackeray regarded these judgments as a powerful compulsion of the heart. He wrote about his mother to Mrs. Brookfield when he was beginning *Pendennis*:

> I look at her character and go down on my knees as it were with wonder and pity. It is Mater Dolorosa, with a heart bleeding with love. Is not that a pretty phrase? I wrote it yesterday in a book, whilst I was thinking about her—and have no shame somehow now in writing this sentimentally to all the public; though there are very few people in the world to whom I would have the face to talk in this way *tête à tête*. To you I can because you are made of the same soft stuff.

Well, Mrs. Brookfield was not at all soft, and what affects us unpleasantly in these lines is the almost arch self-consciousness of them. Thackeray's sentiment is a repentance for his irritability. But Professor Ray goes on to say that there is a sympathy in this sentiment which, in its positive aspect, made him penetrate deeply into certain natures. Yet surely two or three of the unsentimentalised characters in *Vanity Fair* alone, are profoundly penetrated without the ambiguous aid of Thackeray's attachment. Except for the *gaffe* in the final chapter of *Vanity Fair*, Becky Sharp is not the victim of sentimentality about her wickedness. Nor is Rawdon Crawley. The only fault in the drawing of Becky is that Thackeray's sympathy with her is so remarkable that he grew afraid that she would outshine Amelia.

Tremendous as Thackeray is in his grasp of panorama, in his power to create the social atmosphere, in the glitter and flow of vivid impression, his severe limitation is really indolence of the heart, not excess of it. How easy, agreeable and self-indulgent it is to prolong the affections at the expense of an understanding of the passions that give human beings their natural desire for significance, indeed for life itself. This indolence, this easy-chair writing, is civilised, but it becomes unbearably garrulous. If he derived many excellences from the eighteenth century, from Fielding and Sterne, he also took over from that century its tedious obsession with self-interest and the deceitfulness of appearances. "Vanity of vanities" is the shallowest of doctrines, and most dangerous to a kind-hearted man, as Thackeray was. He ended in a morass of romance and tolerance. It is with a shock of pleasure to our intelligence after the other mid-Victorians, that we find him allowing the mixture of good and evil in the portrayal—as distinct from the judgment—of character, but this is merely the beginning of wisdom; Thackeray goes no further. He is indeed lost, a fish out of water in the Victorian age, a *déclassé*—whom some find supercilious on this account—among the writers, too clever in his affectability, and too injured, too lazy, to face the implications of the innumerable real scenes his remarkable memory had imprinted on his mind. Like Clough, Meredith and Carlyle in their differing ways, he is one of the displaced artists of a century which had laid down an implacable party line.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *The Buried Life*. By GORDON N. RAY. *Oxford*. 12s. 6d.

THE HUNTER

1.

Now show me any whole truth
Sustained as summer was in youth,
Plain and bare as winter trees,
Glittering like Ligurian seas,
Found in haycocks and in spires
Or lapping under hawser wires,
Burnt by meteor, scratched by fowl,
Alive in nudge and grin and scowl,
Proud as rags that sit alone,
Stronger than a dolmen stone,
As impertinent and wild
As a rough-haired tinker's child,
Sudden, like a gannet's dive,
Yet close and warm as honey-hive.

2.

Because an old, obsidian face
Looks down in disillusioned grace ;
Because, with pebbles spurting fear,
Siddartha and his charioteer,
Fleeing through moonlight, found decay
And death and suffering on their way ;
Because a half-wheel pulls a bell
And half a truth will serve to tell
Bewildered people ; and a flash
Of dazzling knowledge gave one gash
To time when the great Doctor saw
His tomes, his tomes summed up as straw :
Shall I not ransack, search and tear
The clouds and grasses with my share ?

SHEILA WINGFIELD

EPITAPH FOR GEORGE

You loved the landlord who racked you with rent,
Gave his meanness your manner's easy generosity
A fisherman's gentle roughness.
In ten-gallon hat, military cummerbund
Beaming by the roadside, deaf in fields
Your preferred rags the life of our promontory
Your stories governed our style.
Personally I remember leprechaun kindness
That upset ordinary values of labour
Leaving us happier becoming thankful.
Last winter you snored for three days, then
Bearded by turf-light ranted of youth.
Your charming failure to root in Boston lodgings,
Surprised us with harmless descriptions of vice.
Drunkenness, your mild ticket to Newfoundland,
Annoyed the wife without robbing her children
When you chucked a pound of silver on the counter
And spent it quick.
You took the back seat in cars
Hoping to get the best of an accident.
They called you the Resurrection, told you little,
You told us lies, were terrified of the doctor
Because of his bill. They seemed to treat you
A funny visitor the family put up with,
Enjoyed, nicknamed Grendel, the Ghost.
You married, you said, when you lost interest in life
Years ago, after all your relations died.
Now you leave six who laugh in your place.
Your tough cousin
Who jibed of carrying you feet forwards
And dug your grave
Does not know you live in your character's
Strong definition, the permanent voice of your smile.
He made you nervous, secretly angry.
We did not know you pretended to be lazy
When you slept with a dream of a vast bank-balance
Almost dry after thirty years
Drawing on the labour of ten. One day you dropped
Without a struggle or word in your potato garden,
The spade at your side, sun dusting the clay,
Hard American sunlight, but your body was Ireland
Fell like last year in the shough of history.
Today not amused by your friendly antics
Antique courtesy, jokes of family friction,
We laugh, but without your eyes' clumsy affection.

RICHARD MURPHY

TOTALWARMANSHIP

Closing the Ring. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. *Cassell.* 30s.

In *Closing the Ring*, Mr. Churchill has regained the thrust of his narrative, which seemed to be sagging in the preceding volume. Indeed this, the fifth instalment of his war memoirs (it covers the Sicilian and the Italian campaign up to the capture of Rome as well as the preparations for the Normandy invasions up to D-Day) is as muscular a piece of writing as he has ever done. True, some of the purple has faded out of the patches. But this loss—if it is one—is more than atoned for by the dead-pan humour with which he describes, in a really brilliant chapter, how he played gooseberry at Teheran to the honeymoon couple of F. D. R. and Uncle Joe.

These memoirs are too self-centred and too selective to be either history or a reliable source book for historians. But they are superb autobiography. Unlike most of us, who, in describing ourselves, want to improve on nature, Mr. Churchill likes himself just as he is; his self-portrait is true down to the last wart of prejudice. If history is here distorted, the distortion is always true to form.

It has been suggested recently—by Mr. Chester Wilmot, for instance—that the Americans tended to regard victory as the sole categorical imperative, and so fell into Stalin's trap: the British saw war as a continuation of policy by other means, and so sought to contain the Russians, even during the war. And the conclusion is reached that the post-war victories of Stalin have been largely due to Mr. Roosevelt's failure to accept Mr. Churchill's advice. It is a pity that Mr. Wilmot completed his book before he could read Mr. Churchill's testimony to the end. In this volume we can follow the Anglo-American controversy through its most critical phase. What followed after June, 1944—the Yalta Conference, for instance—were not new decisions, but consequences of decisions taken in the preceding twelve months. A lesser man than Mr. Churchill would have reshaped his wartime record to accord with the Fulton speech. But, though he omits a good deal of embarrassing detail (we are not reminded, for instance, in this volume that he advised the Italians, after the fall of Mussolini, to "stew in their own juice"), Mr. Churchill paints the main outlines faithfully enough. He gives no support to the Wilmot legend.

The fact is that, not only throughout the war but also in the years which have followed, neither Britain nor the U.S.A. have had a firm policy framework to which strategy could be conformed. Neutrality and the balance of power, on which our respective foreign policies had been traditionally founded, have not been replaced. Instead we have reacted to emergencies by a series of expedients, each of which has to be jettisoned just when it is being elevated into a principle.

This absence of a framework—such as Russia possesses today—was scarcely noticed during the war, when Unconditional Surrender and Three-Power Co-operation became unquestioned assumptions in London, just as much as in Washington. The Foreign Office and the State Department were pushed aside; the Chiefs of Staff were listened to respectfully when they expressed views on political issues quite outside their competence; and both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt indulged in the most dangerous secret vice of politicians, amateur generalship. The contemptuous treatment accorded to Mr. Eden and Mr. Hull throughout these months points to the real explanation for the failures of Anglo-American statesmanship. In wartime, strategy inevitably trespasses on policy. Instead of seeking to confine these inroads within the narrowest limits, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt encouraged them. "Totalwarmanship" is an absorbing game, especially for democratic leaders, whose powers in peace are severely limited.

Sometimes—for instance, in the Darlan and Badoglio affairs—this new kind of total planning meant that foreign policy was consciously subordinated to short-term military requirements. Darlan was accepted, on the advice of Eisenhower, simply in order to avoid French resistance to the North African landings. Badoglio was preferred to the Italian democratic leaders because he could deliver a real fleet and a fictitious army. More often, a policy dispute resolved itself into a struggle between the Supreme Commander, with his staff of political advisers, and his superior authorities in London and Washington; or even between contending Army Groups, each with a vested interest in a pet policy. Despite Mr. Wilmot the only disagreement at this time between Churchill and Roosevelt on an important matter of high policy was the row about de Gaulle. Nearly all the Anglo-American controversies were concerned with logistics; nearly all the tragic blunders which led up to Yalta and Potsdam were committed in perfect Anglo-American accord.

Closing the Ring provides plenty of evidence for this view. In the autumn of 1943, Mr. Churchill was far too busy and far too happy on the logistics of the (unsuccessful) Anzio landing to bother about the political consequences in Italy of his mulish support for Badoglio. He had no time to ask himself why, if our object was to crush Communism and restore the monarchy in Greece, we should be busy supporting Communism against the monarchy in Yugoslavia. He records truthfully that E.L.A.S. controlled large areas of Greece and that he suspended all shipment of arms to it *because* it had attacked E.D.E.S. He also records that Tito controlled large areas of Yugoslavia and had attacked Mihailovitch, and that he cut off supplies to Mihailovitch as a result! It is futile to seek any coherent pattern behind these contradictory decisions. The truth is that nothing was clear cut. Anglo-American policy was a series of snap improvisations, adopted almost haphazard in the intervals of a continuous, all-absorbing argument about the relative merits of Overlord and the Mediterranean campaign.

This was the argument about which Mr. Churchill really cared. He was a "Mediterranean man," not because he had a far-sighted vision of containing the Russians on the Bohemian plain, but because he felt that the Mediterranean was his essentially British venture, whereas Overlord was the project on which the Americans had staked their prestige. Mr. Roosevelt and the American Chiefs of Staff wanted to subordinate the Mediterranean to Overlord. Mr. Churchill was prepared to postpone Overlord in order to give Field-Marshals Alexander and Wilson fair shares in glory.

Mr. Churchill argued his strictly military case with tremendous tenacity. Defeated on his plan to capture Rhodes and bring Turkey into the war, he fought to retain some of the seven divisions in Italy, which were due to be shipped back to Britain. Defeated here, he defended a major landing in Southern France. Anything to retain for the Mediterranean its due importance! But by disclosing too obviously his fears of Overlord and his vested interest in the Mediterranean, he aroused American suspicion of his motives and made it easy for Stalin to split the Anglo-American front at Teheran. Indeed, it was precisely because he fancied himself as a strategist and was so desperately keen to promote his pet military projects that he lost his influence with the President. Mr. Roosevelt could not resist the temptation to join with Stalin in laughing at the old man with the big plans and the small battalions.

The moral is clear. By permitting the debate to degenerate into a struggle between the British and American Chiefs of Staff, each jealous of national prestige, Mr. Churchill lost his opportunity of imposing a coherent British policy on our allies. The Foreign Office may sometimes be able to win an argument with the State Department on the merits of the case. But in total war, power alone decides the issue—between allies, as well as between friend and foe.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Ensure that you get your copy of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION *by placing a definite order with your newsagent or becoming a direct postal subscriber.*
Full particulars given on page 255.

AUGUSTAN SATIRE

Intention and Idiom in English Poetry 1660-1750

by IAN JACK 18s. *net*

Augustan poetry is more popular to-day than it was fifty years ago. The author of the present book, however, believes that it is still imperfectly appreciated, partly because minor work has too often been confused with major. Accordingly he takes a number of the masterpieces published between the Restoration and 1750, and examines each in turn. (*18 Sept.*)

THE PEOPLES AND POLICIES OF SOUTH AFRICA

by LEO MARQUARD 16s. *net*

Here is an account of the problems which arise in South Africa's multi-racial society, and of the various policies adopted both in the past and the present. The author gives a brief history of the country since 1652, and examines the policies and position of each of the races in South Africa, discussing their social, political, legal, religious and educational problems. (*published*)

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Published recently

The Burning Man

SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN

The great new novel of South Africa by the author of *King of the Bastards*

15s.

Out September 8th.

The Amazing Amazon

WILLARD PRICE

The mineral and political importance, and the history of the world's greatest river basin, recounted by a famous traveller.

18s.

The Fathers of the Western Church

ROBERT PAYNE

A vivid study of the early Christian saints, theologians and martyrs, from Paul to Thomas Aquinas.

21s.

HEINEMANN

Published Today

SIMONE WEIL

GRAVITY AND GRACE

With an Introduction by Gustave Thibon

15s. net.

These extracts from her notebooks give an insight into this marvellous mind. T. S. Eliot has written of this book: "It is almost too important to be included in one's list of reading for one year only."

Also Available

WAITING ON GOD

Second Impression 12s. 6d. net.

THE NEED FOR ROOTS

Second Impression 18s. net.

Routledge & Kegan Paul

This week in

The Listener

Scandinavian Journey
FRANCIS NOEL-BAKER

The New State of Libya
LORD KINROSS

The 'Why?' and the 'How?' in Our Lives
ROBERT BOYD

The Character of Hitler
ALAN BULLOCK

Should Criticism Be Humani-t?
IAN WATT

And other recent broadcast talks.

A BBC Publication

EVERY THURSDAY 3d

THE BURLESQUE TRADITION

in the English Theatre after 1660

V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY

The author here assembles what he calls the 'basic jokes' of theatrical burlesque and has traced their pedigrees through the work of the great practitioners from Shakespeare to Leacock. Illustrated with contemporary drawings. 18s.

PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE

The Diary of the Film of 'Othello'

MICHEÁL MACLIAMMÓIR

With a preface by Orson Welles

The story of the making of Orson Welles' film *Othello* in which the author played Iago. How the film was continually interrupted by the vagaries of its producer and the shortage of funds, how Orson Welles dealt with temperamental stars and much else, goes to make a lively and witty book quite impossible to withstand. Illustrated 15s.

METHUEN

THE ARCH-SYMBOLIST

An Introduction to the Study of Blake. By MAX PLOWMAN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Blake Collection of W. Graham Robertson. Described by the Collector. Edited with an Introduction by KERRISON PRESTON. *Faber.* 63*s.*

The nature of Blake's thought has never been better or more simply defined than by Max Plowman:

> Blake thought with an exactitude hard to follow. The circle beyond which most people's thought becomes hazy and indefinite is not very large. But with Blake it is immense—far wider than Milton and comparable only with Dante . . . The distinctive feature of Blake's thought is its distinctness. He sustained the power of delineation and definition far beyond where we are commonly content to generalise, and it was because he was working quite definitely in regions of the human soul hitherto untraversed with chart and map that Blake required new names and did not scruple to make them as and when the need occurred.

Max Plowman's book is by far the best introduction to Blake, if only because he understands what for so many critics has been bewildering—why a man of Blake's power of rational and logical thought (as expressed in his aphorisms) should plunge into a world of symbols. There is, in fact, no paradox; Blake is perhaps unique in that he went with reason as far as it would take him, and beyond he used symbols because these are "as Dr. Freud has shown, the only language of the soul". For this reason, Max Plowman wisely and uncompromisingly warns us, his symbolism cannot ever, in its very nature, be de-coded into rational terms, and "the use of Blake as a cross-word puzzle is unprofitable." It is necessary, in order to understand Blake, not to translate his symbols into our language, but to re-learn the symbolic language that he (like the soul) employs.

For Blake, poetry was the power of transmitting divine communications, a theory of poetry at once more sublime and more humble than the aestheticism of the Nineties, with which his theory has nothing in common. "He announced not the religion of art, but of imagination". The exaltation of "art"—a human product—is a materialist travesty of a theory of the imagination essentially spiritual. At once simple and profound, Max Plowman is among the few who have admired Blake wholly for the right reasons; his book, first published in America in 1927 and now published in England for the first time, has survived countless others by the process of natural selection. The more widely Blake has become known, the more apparent has become the justice and value of Max Plowman's appreciation of his imaginative genius.

The Graham Robertson collection of Blake's pictures was lovingly gathered over a long lifetime, (the first as early as the eighteen-eighties when he was only seventeen) by the man to whom we owe the very existence of pictures that were, when he began to purchase them, so little regarded that but for him many of them would never have survived at all. No less carefully, Graham Robertson bequeathed many of them to the nation, some during his lifetime, others after his death, when the Graham Robertson collection was seen as whole, for the last time, at Christie's, in July 1949. Most of these pictures, now safe for posterity, came to Graham Robertson in direct apostolic succession from Blake himself, through the grandson of Blake's faithful patron, Thomas Butts. Butts's devotion enabled Blake to continue to paint and to sell, for small sums, the best of his works. Through the unfashionable perceptiveness of Butts and Graham Robertson, his works weathered a century of "single vision and Newton's sleep"; and these works will always bear the spiritual imprint of their first and last owners: the first by reason of Blake's many letters to Thomas Butts about some of the pictures; the last because of the loving carefulness with which Graham Robertson brought about their long-delayed epiphany. Sixty-four paintings are here reproduced, together with Graham Robertson's catalogue of his whole collection of a hundred and forty paintings and drawings, no less valuable for its careful scholarship, than for its poetically and pictorially discerning descriptions of each work—descriptions only possible to a man who had studied each one long, deeply, and in private. KATHLEEN RAINE

Hutchinson's

Out Last Thursday:

TRADE UNIONS
Allan Flanders
Senior Lecturer in Industrial Relations, University of Oxford

Analyses the overlapping and interlocking bodies which constitute the British trade union movement and explains them as consequences of its organic growth. The organisation, administration, industrial and political goals and achievements of the unions are discussed and an examination made of the nature of relations between the trade union and the state.

Still Available:

PORTS AND HARBOURS
F. W. Morgan
Late Lecturer in Geography, London School of Economics.

"An excellent general introduction."
THE ECONOMIST
"Should serve as a useful textbook."
Twelve maps NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

THE BACKGROUND OF MUSIC
H. Lowery
Principal of the South-West Essex Technical College and School of Art.

"An admirable easy-to-read guide . . . will be enjoyed from the first page to the last."
MUSICAL OPINION
"A first necessity for even the shortest shelf of a teacher's library."
MUSIC TEACHER

Each volume 8*s.* 6*d. net*

University Library

SPORTING THE LEEK

Wales. By MAXWELL FRASER. *Robert Hale.* 2 vols: 18*s.* each.

The Englishman has by now come to feel that he understands the Irish and Scots; and with all their faults he would not have them any different. The Welsh, though, are harder to make pets of. You cannot love a nation for the length of its place-names; and no subject nation has ever shown less inclination to play to the conqueror's gallery. They do not even twist the lion's tail—they simply turn their backs on it, with the aloofness their ancestors showed when sending Christian missionaries to all their neighbours except the Anglo-Saxons.

Consequently, the reputation of the Welsh in alien eyes has never rallied from the slump it suffered in the eighteenth century, and the few outsiders who do break through the crust and learn to admire the Welsh rapidly find themselves *plus royaliste que le roi*. Miss Fraser is one of these. With her early love of Wales strengthened by marriage to the bard Trefin, swordbearer to the Gorsedd, she rides into the lists bearing the leek as proudly as a plume, ready to carry her advocacy to all lengths, even to excusing the Druidic blood-sacrifices or unearthing Shakespeare's Welsh grandmother.

Volume I (*The Background*) deals with Welsh history and culture. As a historian, Miss Fraser is neither professional nor particularly scholarly (she describes one Celtic nobleman conversing with Tully *and* Cicero, for good measure) but she has collected a tremendous number of facts, many unfamiliar, a few hitherto unrecorded, and almost all entertaining. It is surprising to learn that when the first Methodists came to Wales, they found that the Welsh "did not take readily to hymn-singing"; and rather comforting to know that the stodgy and unbecoming "national costume" is not Welsh at all, but a hangover of English Stuart fashions. It is worth hearing again how the lately converted Welsh ousted the Picts and Scots with the mere sound of their blood-curdling new battle-cry: "Alleluia!" and good to meet such people as Iolo Morgannwg, poet, creator of the Gorsedd of bards, and most exasperating of literary forgers, whose grocer's shop displayed a freedom slogan that puts Mr. Cube in the shade: "*East* Indies sugar. Uncontaminated with human gore." And even if Wales is only your playground, it is a safe bet that you will never again use Tal-y-Llyn railway without verifying that, since all the platforms are on the same side, only one side of the coaches gets painted.

Gradually, from the mosaic of facts and stories the portrait of a nation emerges, a little flattering, a little touched-up (it is carefully posed so that the politics don't show) but recognisable. After an account of the laws of Hywel Da, with their surprisingly equalitarian status for women and children; the custom of gavelkind; the long suppression of Welsh language and culture; the National Eisteddfod with its unflinchingly high standards and hard-hitting adjudications, the reader begins to appreciate the distinctive flavour of Welsh democracy—once described with pedantry and precision as "the non-coincidence of social and cultural strata."

Volume II (*The Country*) is guide-book pure and simple. Miss Fraser edited, from 1929, the G.W.R. Holiday Haunts series and she here conducts us around Wales with the well-informed fluency of that publication. No one, after all, decries Welsh scenery, and so her partisanship is in abeyance, except where she gets tripped up by the Welsh border, and then not even the Welsh ancestry of her editor, Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald, earns her forgiveness for keeping her out of Monmouthshire. ELAINE MORGAN

A CLASSIC OF PENOLOGY

The English Prison and Borstal Systems. By LIONEL W. FOX. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

Here is an event of unusual importance: a long and careful explanation of prison and Borstal conditions by the Chairman of the Prison Commission, written with sympathy, urbanity, and a felicity of style that will disarm most critics in the very act of shooting. Both camps—those who want prison treatment sharpened and those who think it still lacks humanity—will find that Mr. Fox, without once forsaking his constraint of manner, answers nearly all their charges as forcefully as if he had actually used the invective that is always just visible up his sleeve. Most other people will find that this book tells them, for the first time, exactly what all the experts and reformers are talking about.

Part I of the book is a thesis, in what may be called the classic form, on the history of thought and practice in the application of legal punishment and the development, from the earliest times, of the idea of imprisonment. Privately Mr. Fox, who recognises prison as a way of overcoming sin with evil, is no happier about it than was Bernard Shaw, who said that "punishment is a mistake and a sin." But in assembling, as he has done here, the more famous philosophical pronouncements on prison as a painful example of ends-and-means expediency, and then examining every aspect of English penal administration and reform, he has written one of the major sociological works of our time.

He is not a satisfied man, he has complaints. He deplores the current impulse towards specific "deterrents" and holds that deterrence, being inherent in the action of the whole penal system, is not required to assume a primary place in the treatment of the individual. He is dissatisfied about prison food and hygiene. A prison dinner, he

says, is often reduced to an "unpalatable slush" by its journey in a tin can ("one of the hoariest stigmata of the prison") from a trolley in the main "hall," up the narrow winding stairs to the appropriate cell door, with a piece of bread perched precariously on top of the potatoes. He disapproves of the punishment diet because of its excessive carbohydrates. He admits the unsavouriness of the "slopping out" process on morning unlocking, but says (rather surprisingly) that "the solution of the problem, in spite of constant thought, has not yet emerged." He thinks there is still far too much imprisonment for debt, and is guardedly scornful about its use by J.P.s as a punishment for petty offences:

> In 1949 51.3 per cent. of the receptions of men and 69.3 per cent. of women sentenced to imprisonment were for periods of not more than three months. . . . These men and women for the most part represent a dreary stage army of "ins-and-outs" to whom these periodic visits to prison are no more than an accepted if unwelcome risk of the trade. They clog the efficiency of the prison system, add greatly to its cost, and distract it most wastefully from its proper function, which is the protection of society against crime. In the 14-day-and-under cases they reduce the prison to the status of a cleansing centre.

But although there is no single respect in which such a man as this could be adjudged complacent, he is occasionally uncritical through long familiarity. No one who knew about the current standard of ex-primary school literacy, for example, could study without dismay the collection of notices about prisoners' rights and privileges which are displayed on the walls of cells. Their English is far too pompous, too conditional, too tortuously careful in keeping prepositions away from full stops—it must be vulgarised down to pin-table level before it will be understood by its usual readers. And they need something better than a 20-watt ceiling-lamp to read it by.

Another respect in which Mr. Fox cushions criticism with written prescription is in the matter of after-care, and particularly the functioning of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies. As you would expect, his account of the post-1948 organisation is minutely exact, and the skill of his presentment makes it impressive in the extreme. Prescription, indeed, could go little further, and it is no fault of Mr. Fox's that the system does not function better; but you will hear much criticism of it among probation officers, upon whom the brunt of many of its shortcomings must fall. Mr. Fox is also unconvincing, I think, in his dismissal of the oft-proposed "earnings scheme" by which a prisoner would keep himself and his family, maintain his insurances, compensate those he has wronged, and buy his cigarettes with any money left over.

But this is unfair, perhaps, to Mr. Fox, who has shown such masterly restraint in his discussion of all these polemical subjects—his references to this year's egregious Committee on Punishments in Prisons and Borstals should be printed on vellum for Higher Civil Service training courses. Nothing can conceivably displace this monumental book for many years to come; and it will be a calamity when anything displaces its wise and humanitarian author from his great and on the whole unenviable office.

C. H. ROLPH

NEW NOVELS

Zorba the Greek. By NIKOS KAZANTZAKI. *Lehmann.* 15*s.*

The Black City. By M. F. CAULFIELD. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Men Like Shadows. By DOROTHY CHARQUES. *Murray.* 15*s.*

Zorba the Greek is a fable about the mind and the body. The mind is a Greek author, weary of reading about life instead of living it—"How could I, who loved life so intensely, have let myself be entangled for so long in that balderdash of books and paper blackened with ink?" As a convenient symbol of action, he rents a lignite mine on the southern coast of Crete; he takes with him a Dante, a Mallarmé, an unfinished manuscript on the life of Buddha; and in a pub on the Piraeus, as he waits for his boat in a grey autumnal dawn, he meets and hires for his foreman Zorba, the body. This elderly, weather-beaten ruffian, he immediately recognises, is "the man I had sought so long in vain—a living heart, a large voracious mouth, a great brute soul, not yet severed from mother earth." In his shameless love of instinctual life, Zorba is a Greek Panurge, Falstaff, Sancho Panza; yet he possesses a magnificent human dignity that has nothing of the buffoonery and comic cowardice of these, and one laughs, like the author, with, not at him; perhaps he is more like Odysseus or Sinbad the Sailor.

Through the Cretan winter and spring the admiring author listens to his amazing stories and watches him outrageously living. Zorba, for the author, is more than a machine to do his fighting, drinking and fornication for him: with his unpredictability and fatalism he restores the intellectual's lost sense of mystery and destiny in the tangible world; he replaces the Buddha's ethic of self-annihilation by a reconciliation of *Fay ce que vouldras* with *Age quod agis*. Zorba needs his boss as much as his boss needs Zorba. Without the author-boss to observe him he would be only one peasant among many; for the other peasants in the book are, to use his own adjective, equally "Zorbatic" in their talk and behaviour. When they part, he recedes into Macedonia, Odysseus-Margites with his Homer gone; and when he dies he can only live again in the author's "paper blackened with ink." They do not change each other—Zorba does not begin to think, any more than the author begins to act—but in their partnership a complete, harmonious world of wonder and fulfilment is built up before us, a temporary paradise as large as the earth and as small as a Greek island.

How can a novel so deliberately void of plot give such an exciting sense of onward movement? Plot, after all, is only a device for formalising time, for rendering large tracts of it simultaneously visible by an invented chain of cause and effect. In *Zorba the Greek* time is changed back again from the metaphysical illusion of duration, under which it has become unnaturally natural for Western man to view it, to its reality of moment upon moment. *Zorba the Greek* is a novel sweet and elate with sunlight, friendship and happiness, with a life full of both sensations and thoughts; it is, in every sense, a minor classic, and Zorba, one feels, is among the significant and permanent characters in modern fiction.

The Black City approaches the problem of violence in its most complex and insoluble aspect, where alone it is fruitfully accessible to artist and moralist. When violence is the one-sided vengeance of the strong against the weak, as of Nazi against Jew, rights and wrongs are so glaring that nothing is left to discover; when everyone is violent against everyone, it is possible to sympathise a little with the violent—not with their deeds, but with their inner torment—and understanding begins. In Mr. Caulfield's anonymous Ulster city warring sects, each in a just cause, commit injustice against one another. "It is the Black City because of what is between Protestant and Catholic, between mongrel Briton and mongrel Irishman, that is, narrow hatred and bigotry." His tragic theme is the contrast between the beauty of Pearse and Connolly, with their "right rose tree," and the ugliness of shooting a weeping informer or an elderly postmistress. The plot centres on Kelly, a young I.R.A. man who doubts, kills and dies, and Flynn, a drunken journalist who drowns his impotent compassion in talk and alcohol. There are multitudes of background characters and incidents, knit together with tense construction, and three superb set-pieces: an Orange Day procession and riot, an enormously comic pub-scene, and the terrifying last round-up of the I.R.A. gangsters. Mr. Caulfield has learned lessons of characterisation and language from Joyce and Senator Gogarty; but his style remains personal and natural, powerful in its economy and racy in its improvisation.

No living novelist could possibly have written the book that *Men Like Shadows* might have been; yet perhaps only Miss Charques could have approached it so nearly. This tale of the Third Crusade suggests the simplicity of the old chroniclers, the glamour of Scott, the enchantment and pathos of George Moore's *Heloise and Abelard*; but Hugh Walpole, Mary Webb and Cecil B. De Mille insist on creeping in. It is perfectly allowable for characters in a historical novel to seem romantically conscious of living in history; but they should not imply an occult foreknowledge of the resources of Technicolor and the needs of the vicarage reader. I kept feeling that the Lady Melisande and John of Overbury were, respectively, Miss Olivia de Havilland and Mr. Errol Flynn. Miss Charques has an exquisite prose of sustained quality, a sense of melancholy and mystery, an intelligent imagination, and as much artistic integrity as is compatible with an inadequate self-criticism. Having mentioned my mild dissatisfaction, I must record my keen respect for this novel's ambitions and enjoyment of its real achievements.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

CHANCE

The Science of Chance. By HORACE C. LEVINSON. *Faber.* 30*s.*

It is often difficult to convince people that, if a tossed coin comes down "heads" ten times in succession, it is still no more likely to show "tails" on the eleventh toss. Surely, by the "law of averages" it must be so? As Dr. Levinson points out, this belief implies that the coin has some sort of memory of previous tosses. In fact, of course, each toss is (in any ordinary situation) independent of the others, and the chance of "heads" turning up is the same for each—nearly or exactly one-half, according to the physical properties of the coin. The fallacy about the law of averages is one of many which Dr. Levinson assails; and the most remarkable feature of this book is that the whole argument is car-

A Great 5 Volume Collection

Poets of the English Language

Edited by W. H. AUDEN and NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON

15/- *net each volume.*

1) Langland to Spenser **3) Milton to Goldsmith**
2) Marlowe to Marvell **4) Blake to Poe**
5) Tennyson to Yeats

"Gathers together the greatest glories of our language into a book which deserves to bring about a renaissance of poetry . . . It is impossible to chronicle all the splendours and the humbler delights to be found in these five volumes . . . One of the most successful ventures of our time."

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT (*four column review*)

"I doubt if anyone would have made a selection more catholic and more discriminating." RAYMOND MORTIMER (*Sunday Times*)

The Sugar House

ANTONIA WHITE

"I have found *The Sugar House* as entertaining—and in its own way as moving—as anything I have read this year."

JOHN RAYMOND. (*New Statesman*) 12/6 net.

The Island of Desire

EDITH TEMPLETON

"Told with the same throbbing sensual power that one meets in Maupassant and Tolstoy, but in few other writers." C. P. SNOW (*Sunday Times*) 12/6 net.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

ried on in words, without mathematical symbols.

The problems of games of chance stimulated the early growth of the mathematical theory of probability, over three hundred years ago, and the first part of the book, on Chance, deals not only with the problems of coin-tossing and "runs of luck," but with betting and speculation, poker (two chapters), roulette, and "lotteries, craps and bridge." There is a fascinating treatment of the subject of "systems" at roulette, and readers of the NEW STATESMAN who intend to winter at Monte Carlo should certainly take *The Science of Chance* with them and study it before venturing at the tables.

Others will turn with greater interest to the second part, on statistical analysis, which Dr. Levinson rightly calls "one of the most potent and fruitful applications of the theory of probability." This branch of mathematics has rapidly become an essential tool for the scientific researcher and for workers in many applied sciences, notably in public health. Dr. Levinson, however, who is evidently an American working in the world of commerce, draws most of his examples from business—from life insurance to tailoring and coffin-manufacturing. He does not conceal the limitations of rational analysis in this field:

> A friend, head of a highly successful company . . . once gave me his formula for new businesses. "Compute the required working capital based on the most conservative estimates possible," he said, "and then multiply by three." This formula is rarely followed. If it were, the bankruptcy rate would fall sharply, but there would be almost no new businesses. . . .

Dr. Levinson is exceptionally clear on some important but little understood features of statistical analysis. For example, the conclusions of a statistical inquiry are in practice *predictions*, like other scientific propositions. They take the form: "If you do *x* (or observe *x*), then in y per cent of instances *z* will follow; this prediction has a probable error of such-and-such a magnitude." Such statements are used in predicting, for example, the proportion of hits on a given target, the number of live births a day in a city, or the crop yields to be expected from a given system of manuring. The error involved in such predictions may be small, as in astronomy, or large, as in meteorology. The important thing is that this form of analysis makes it possible for the probable error to be precisely stated.

In a book of this title, designed for a lay audience, something on general implications would be appropriate. But although Dr. Levinson is anxious to impress on us the importance of his subject, he seems in some ways to underestimate it himself. The type of statement which has to be expressed in terms of probability has become, not only a feature of all scientific prediction, but necessary in the rational discussion of any department of human affairs. We can no longer rely on statements of the simple form "A causes B": we have to state how often it does so; and if, as is often the case, we wish to compare two groups (for instance, "the poor are more fertile than the rich") we are obliged to consider the *distribution* of the quality being compared in two groups. Dr. Levinson has made an exceptionally lucid and non-technical contribution to our understanding of these problems, but our debt to him would have been greater had he devoted less space to poker and more to political science.

ANTHONY BARNETT

SHORTER REVIEWS

Emily Dickinson. By RICHARD CHASE. *Methuen.* 16s.

Emily Dickinson is not an easy subject for a critical biography. Her work, fragmentary and exposed to posthumous publication, has not yet been sorted into a satisfactory canon; and her life, so scanty in outward event, tempts the student into wild conjecture. In the circumstances, Mr. Chase has produced a praiseworthy volume for the American Men of Letters series. Though he introduces the necessary biographical details—particularly those relating to Dickinson *père*—his interest is in the general cultural atmosphere of New England (from Jonathan Edwards to Ik Marvel), as it affected Emily Dickinson.

It is the structure of her thought that engrosses Mr. Chase, and he demonstrates very well her preoccupation with other-worldliness, which—he feels—explains the "rococo" as well as the "sublime" elements in her poetry. He is less persuasive when he descends to particulars: his detailed analysis, for example, of *I can wade grief* is niggling and insensitive, and shakes one's confidence in his larger judgments. But there is much good sense in Mr. Chase's book; and as he himself remarks, Emily Dickinson's appeal is so personal that any explanation of her going beyond mere piety is bound to offend somebody. Whatever his reaction, the reader will want to look again at Emily Dickinson's poetry. In this regard, perhaps, Mr. Chase's book has achieved the true function of literary biography.

Vivarium Life. By ALFRED LEUTSCHER. Illustrated by HUMPHREY DAKEYNE. *Cleaver-Hume Press.* 15s.

The vivarium life covered by Mr. Leutscher (by the way, why not revive the pretty if almost obsolete *vivary*?) includes frogs and toads, newts and salamanders, snakes, lizards, tortoises and alligators, cold-water fishes, water plants, pond life, and live food. For those who aspire to keeping, say, an Elegant Terrapin or edible frogs (first introduced into England in 1837), crayfish or goldfish, swelling Tree-frog or bell-constructing Water-spider, here is the book to tell them how to do it. We might have a little difficulty with the graceful Nile Monitor, which looks such a pet in Mr. Dakeyne's drawing, but fancies crocodile eggs and grows to five feet: on the other hand, the quite extraordinary ugliness and delicacy of the Surinam Toad (invented, surely, by Mr. Mervyn Peake) is within our grasp. Perhaps an axolotl would do to start with; it breeds, winters outdoors, and lives to twenty years in captivity. Thyroid injection or evaporation of the tank-water will transform it into an adult.

The reader, whose eye has been caught perhaps by the Nile Monitor on the cover, will find in *Vivarium Life* a well-ordered and most fascinating repository of fact. How many of us know the toad that rolls up its skin to its nose tip and swallows it, the Texas Horned Lizard that squirts blood from its eye when handled, the Dwarf Pond Snail that is second host to the liverfluke parasite of the sheep, the mating frogs that remain locked together for weeks? Text and illustration bring them before us vividly; and to encourage readers to become herpetologists the cover is of washable fadeless cloth.

Adventures of a Treasure Hunter. By CHARLES P. EVERITT. *Gollancz.* 15s.

These rumbustious memoirs will both shock and delight book-collectors whose purchases have been made in the cathedral close atmosphere of our great West End bookshops, or even in some of the less cloistered establishments of London and the provinces. "Charlie" Everitt opens a window upon another bookselling world where lady customers remark (with some justice) "Why, hell's bells, you're the goddamnedest thief and robber I ever heard of," and where the buying and selling of books becomes a rough and tumble with no holds barred.

Charles P. Everitt, an American bookseller who died recently after sixty years in the trade, dealt mainly in *Americana*. He was astute enough to realise at an early date that nineteenth-century books illustrating the development of Western America were as important, and indeed often as rare, as the much-collected seventeenth-century works on the Eastern States. He created and exploited his new market with great expertise and energy. The story of his lifetime's discoveries and dealings loses little from the fact that much of the material about which he writes is unfamiliar to the English reader. The author was a character, even by American standards. Librarians as a class he abominated, collectors in general he despised as mere speculators; both were fair game to be held up to ransom. A sturdy individualist he delighted both in a swingeing profit and at times in the still higher pleasure of refusing to sell a book to a customer whom he disliked. The latter class, some of them named, will feel compensated by the fact that Everitt's friends may be equally embarrassed by the extravagance of his complimentary references. This racy autobiography, uninhibited by modesty, is written with tremendous gusto, and the author emerges as a warm-hearted and hot-headed maverick, with passionate likes and dislikes.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Chamber Music, Piano, and Organ. BEETHOVEN: Piano Trio, B flat major, Op. 97 (Jambor/Aitay/Starker. *§PLP 707). A very sincere, musicianly rendering of the largest and most profound Piano Trio in existence. The recording characteristics are similar to those of the Mozart Trios by the same ensemble, reviewed here not long ago: *i.e.*, rather dry and light on bass, but admirably clear. The H.M.V. set is perhaps more agreeable in tone, but not sufficiently so as to outweigh the advantages of LP in a work of this kind. MOZART: Violin Sonatas: B flat major, K 570; E minor, K 304; A major, K 305 (Shumsky/Mittman. **§ALX 112). MOZART: Sonata, B flat major, K 570 (Arrau. **LX 1551). None of these Violin Sonatas is otherwise available at present. K 304 and 305 belong to the Mannheim set, written in 1778; they exploit the young composer's recent discovery of the principle of alternation in writing for a duo. Of the two, K 304 is the more deeply felt; but K 305 has the full-blooded melodic beauty which we associate with its key. K 570 is in origin a piano sonata, to which somebody (? Mozart—Einstein seems to have been unable to make up his mind on the point) has added a violin part consisting simply of the top line of the piano score. The result is quite pleasant, but I think the sonata sounds better in its original form. Arrau plays it with exquisite precision and obtains an admirable recording—no better, however, than that of Schnabel, who, by dint of taking the first and second movements a shade faster and ignoring the repeats, gets the work on to four sides (**DB 6839-40). Only in the slow movement does the omission of the repeats seriously affect the solidity of the musical impression. The Violin Sonatas are played in a clean, straightforward style and are excellently recorded. SCHUBERT: Impromptu, A flat major, Op. 142, No. 8 (Schnabel. **DB 21500). Equal to the best of Schnabel's versions of the Impromptus, Op. 90. SCARLATTI: Sonatas, A major (L 292), F minor (L 382), E minor (L 325), F sharp minor (L 294), C minor (L 10), A minor (L 223), E flat major (L 142), D major (L 315 (K. Long. *§LX 3073). This is a new selection, not a dubbing from Kathleen Long's previous, and rather poorly recorded, SP discs. Here the piano tone is much more faithful, and with two or three exceptions the sonatas recorded are not otherwise available. Miss Long's playing is always thoughtful, as well as musical; but her touch is really too smooth and pianistic—not acute enough—for this music. SCHUMANN: *Carnaval*, Op. 9 (Magaloff. *§LX 3074). Nikita Magaloff keeps to the centre of the road, avoiding all extremes of tempo and expression. The result is thoroughly sensible, though not perhaps very exciting. The piano tone is quite good. A Chopin "Recital" by the same pianist (§LX 3076) shows no more than a very superficial understanding of the composer. MOZART: Fantasia, F minor, K 608 (Germani. *C 7922-3). Considering that it was written for a barrel organ enclosed in a clock, this is an amazingly grand and weighty piece. In the long and tender slow movement, Germani's subdued registration is a delight to listen to; elsewhere the very full organ sounds a little cramped. The florid passages, and the decorations, are not ideally clear.

Vocal. **RAVEL: *Histoires Naturelles*; FALLA: Seven Popular Songs (Souzay. §LX 3077). The Ravel cycle is always clever and at moments beautiful; it finds Gérard Souzay in his element. In the Falla songs, however, this admirable, but very French, artist is miscast. The quieter songs are charmingly delivered, but Seguidilla, Jota, and Polo all require a more abandoned style and a

more pungent tone. MEYERBEER: *L'Africana*—"O Paradiso"; DONIZETTI: *L'Elisir d'amore*—"Una furtiva lagrima" (Midgley. DB 21501). Although in both arias he seems to me to yield the palm, in the first instance to Björling (*DB 3302), in the second to Schipa (*DB 1387), Walter Midgley is in many ways the best equipped of British operatic tenors to deal with the Italian style. His tone is steady and his cantabile phrasing very impressive. Unfortunately, in this recording his high notes sound rather pinched, and in his delivery of "Una furtiva lagrima" he gives way to some tasteless lachrimosity, *à la* Gigli. MOZART: *Per pietà, bell' idol mio* (K 78); **Nehmt meinen Dank* (K 383) (Stader. C 4182). In the first of these arias Maria Stader seems to find the Italian language cramping to her style; she is, moreover, accompanied by a piano, which is ill recorded. Her steady and well controlled, but rather colourless, voice is much better adapted to the second aria, and the orchestral accompaniment is beautifully played and balanced. FAURÉ: *Automne*, *Mandoline*, *Soir*; AUBERT: *Le vaincu*, *Le visage penché*; RAVEL: *Cinq mélodies populaires grecques*; Two Greek popular songs (Kolassi. *§LX 3080). This recital was well chosen, not only because the songs are all welcome, but because they display to admiration the great qualities of Irma Kolassi's voice—a rich and confident mezzo, with a pungent Mediterranean colour that is most attractive. She is, of course, particularly well suited by the Greek items (in themselves delightful); but I for one am very glad to possess the Aubert songs. Louis Aubert is a minor impressionist, and perhaps not highly original; but these two songs (from his "Six poèmes arabes") have a passionate delicacy that is very taking. The voice is not quite comfortably recorded in fortz, and the piano tone is a little metallic; but on the whole this disc is highly recommended. *CARISSIMI: *Soccorretemi ch'io moro*; J. W. FRANCK: *Sei mur still*; *Auf, auf zu Gottes Lob* (Flagstad. DA 2008). The song by Carissimi is among the happiest, and best recorded, of Mme Flagstad's recent series. The simple, hymn-like melodies by J. W. Franck (*c.*1641-?) hardly suggest the character who wounded his wife and killed her lover in a fit of jealousy; but in their small way they are welcome additions to the repertory. This side is distinctly less well recorded than the Carissimi.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,176

Set by C. Urchin

The usual prizes are offered for the best *Song of a Holiday Camp*. Limit 20 lines. Entries by September 16.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,173

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word extract from a private log kept by any one of the following:—Conrad on his first voyage as master, Henry James on his first crossing to Europe, Christopher Isherwood on his first trip to Hamburg, Somerset Maugham on his first visit to the South Seas, or Palinurus on his first luxury cruise to the Mediterranean.

Report by Richard Lister

A curious sidelight on literary fashion is that the entries on Henry James in this competition outnumbered the others all put together by more than two to one. I had deliberately chosen writers given to self-examination, and hoped that in private logs this would be the note. But, on the whole, competitors did not rise to the bait. Somerset Maugham was next in popularity but it must be said that he was crudely done, most being content to trace the germ of a raw anecdote, where I had hoped at the least for a high-class reading list, some comments on style or a fling at the highbrows.

In Conrad's private log one might have expected that his first command would have inspired him with some of that pride of manhood that he found in his own characters in this situation or the reflection of some feeling that the Test was on. The Palinurus referred to was, of course, the author of *The Unquiet Grave*, not the character in the *Aeneid*. Perhaps I should have made this clearer. I hesitated over entries from E. Bedwell, Jenny Fetherstonhaugh, D. L. L. Clarke, Pithecus, and H. A. C. Evans. A first prize of three guineas to much the best entry from Lyndon (address please), whose infant James very rightly caught the latest manner. The remaining three guineas are divided between the other four printed.

HENRY JAMES

Aboard the S.S. *Endeavour*. April, 1844.

The most grateful, indeed the only, observation I make on the ocean, all haunting in its vast fluid presentation of vulgar waste, is that it does offer a way, a road, a sacred pathway.

Father (and) the sea, how they gaze upon one another, each, in its way, lost, poor things.

That dear William, boldest, most problematical of brothers, doesn't, after all, "like" me, looms and glimmers for me. I fear he will smoke cigars.

During this voyage of passion and discovery, of pilgrimage and sacrifice, stay with me, oh *mon bon*; let us hold tightly to one another, let us cling, all tremulous and faithful.

Poor dear Nanny, why will she not hold me higher, higher.

LYDON

In yielding to the promptings of what one but dimly recognised as a kind of inverted nostalgia, and, in consequence, prospectively committing oneself to physical transference to an ultra-oceanic destination, one had not, somehow, envisaged one's surroundings as so uncompromisingly so unrelievedly *aqueous*. Nor had one, doubtless through failing to pay due heed to the warnings of those friends who, after all, were in, as they hinted, the "know," appreciated that the medium to which one was, *faute de mieux*, to entrust oneself would prove so susceptible of, and unresistant to, undulation.

The nourishment that I have, so far, consumed seems much less attached to *me* than I, in the first instance, that is, was to *it*, which makes me just a little fear that the proleptic *maladie du pays* that possessed me has been, temporarily at least, ousted by the more awesome, because unfamiliar, *maladie de la mer*.

LESLIE JOHNSON

The truth of Coleridge's *obiter dicta* becomes as it were frighteningly, perceptibly "here." It is inescapable; or rather it has, as for our friend a fascination, a magnetism, it gives one a presience which is impossible to forget, to hide from that ever inquisitive soul. Yet out there, alone, one would die of thirst. Water, water everywhere, it so very indubitably is, you know!, and not a drop to drink.

PETER A. CONNELL

CONRAD

Thursday, 17th April.

Reckon we should close the land about midnight. Looking for a shore wind. Second no longer disguises opinion that the new captain is a lunatic. Chief non-committal but whiskers express profound distrust.

Friday, 18th.

Weathered readily enough and picked up the offshore breeze. Second now satisfied I'm no seaman, but lucky, which is infinitely better! Superstitious old humbug. Chief's beard blacker than ever. Shouldn't wonder if he dyed it. Peterson's bananas doing well in my stateroom. Believe the ruffian would as soon have palmed off his daughter. Ugly suggestion!

Wednesday, 22nd.

Made our landfall before dark. Villainous coast, constantly shrouded in sulphurous cloud. Feeling of approaching the edge of the world. Took a turn on deck. Damp, starless night. All quiet and hands fast asleep forward. Chief like a figurehead on the poop, whiskers dripping with dew. Steward confirms he dyes them. Bananas going rotten. Sic transit. . .

FRANK DUNNILL

PALINURUS

5th April. Decided to live on this cruise, as if arrived in a new city, where friendship and the good life possible. Will seek to appreciate my fellow-man, and keep in touch with reality. What happiness it would be to avoid *Angst* during the day, and to say at night "*Bien haya el que inventó el sueño!*"

7th April. Find life here insupportable. Do not know which is worse, the mindlessness of the bridge-addicts or the bogus erudition of those bound for the Parthenon.

9th April. Decided abandon all attempts at sociability. Have avoided even the one beautiful girl on the boat. Am leaving her to her vapid admirers—*miseri, quibus intemptata nites*.

Shall remain in cabin for rest of voyage—even womb without view preferable to present existence.

Must remind steward (1) to find me more comfortable arm-chair (2) See that I get melon and omelette aux pimentos for breakfast.

NORA WILLIS

CHESS: The Long and the Short of It

No. 1[5]3

There are those who maintain that "brevities" in Chess are mere freaks caused by the accident of a mistake or the design of players coveting an early draw; others insist that a short game may contain, *in nuce*, all the elements of a long one and does indeed present the best possible guide for the student of tactics (if not strategy). The most prominent exponent of that School of Thought is Kurt Richter who, to prove his point, has just published a book containing 623 admirably selected and annotated "shorts." (*Hohe Schule der Schachtaktik*. Siegfried Engelhardt Verlag, 1952). Obviously, it contains a good many amusing "records," such as the shortest ever draw by repetition. (Rodatz-Hallbauer, Hamburg 1938).

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(5) P-Q5	Kt-Q5
(2) P-QB4	P-Q3	(6) P-K3	B-Kt5
(3) Kt-QB3	Kt-QB3	(7) Q-R4 ch	B-Q2
(4) P-KKt3	P-K4	(8) Q-Q1	B-Kt5

Here is what is alleged to be the shortest ever win after a Q-swop (Engels-May, 1937).

(1) P-K4	P-QB3	(6) Kt-QB3	Q-R4
(2) P-Q4	P-Q4	(7) Q-Kt3	Q-Kt3
(3) PxP	PxP	(8) Kt-Q5	QxQ
(4) P-QB4	B-B4	(9) PxQ	resigns
(5) PxP	QxP		

As a most significant example for an immediate *blitzkrieg* on the uncastled K the author has picked Cochrane-Walker, London, 1841.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(8) BxKt ch	KxB	
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(9) P-K5	Kt-Q4	
(3) P-Q4	KtxP	(10) P-QB4	Kt-Kt3	
(4) KtxP	Kt-K3	(11) K-R1	P-KR4	
(5) B-QB4	P-QB3	(12) P-B4	P-Kt3	
(6) 0-0	Kt-B3	(13) P-B5 ch	KxKP	
(7) KtxKBP	KxKt	(14) B-B4 ch	resigns	

Here finally (in a pretty little game won by Adler, 1936) we have some evidence of the devastating effect to be achieved by an agglomeration of power massed on open centre-files.

(1) P-K4	P-K3	(10) Q-Q2	P-QB4	
(2) P-Q4	P-Q4	(11) 0-0-0	R-KKt1	
(3) Kt-QB3	PxP	(12) KR-K1	Kt-B1	
(4) KtxP	Kt-Q2	(13) Kt-K4	PxP	
(5) Kt-KB3	KKt-B3	(14) KtxQP	P-B4?	
(6) B-KKt5	B-K2	(15) KtxBP!	PxKt	
(7) BxKt	PxB	(16) Kt-B6 ch!	QxKt	
(8) Kt-Kt3	P-B3	(17) Q-Q8 ch	BxQ	
(9) B-K2	Q-Kt3	(18) B-Kt5 mate		

A: A. Alekhine 1920

In this week's competition the specially easy "Four-pointer" (included for the benefit of inexperienced competitors) can be found in Richter's book as well as in a good many others. It is one of Alekhine's most famous brilliancies, and the position was reached in a blindfold performance. How

then can White bring the game to a triumphant conclusion in four moves? After this, 6 and 7 points respectively for the other two pieces may seem almost miserly. Even so, **B**—White to win—should be easy enough for our cracks and by no means insuperable for less experienced competitors. It is a very pretty piece by a Spanish composer, while **C**—White to draw—is a delightfully witty study by one of the best-known Soviet composers.

Usual prizes. Entries by September 15.

B: T. Mugnos 1948

C: Zachodjakin 1948

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 16

A: (1) B-K1, Q-K6. (2) B-Kt3, K-Kt3. (3) R-B2, Q x B. (4) R-QKt2 ch., etc.
If (1) . . . Q x R. (2) B-B2 forces stalemate.
If (2) . . . Q x B. (3) R-R5 ch., and the R gives perpetual check.

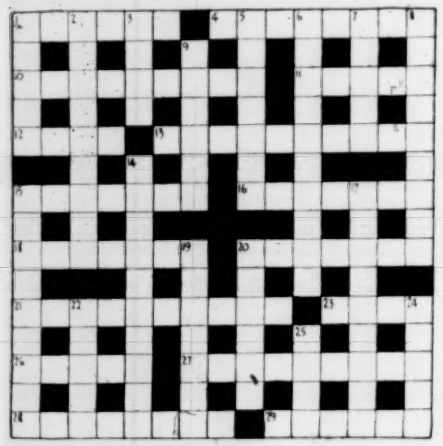
B: (1) . . . R x P ch. (2) K x R, Q-R3 ch. (3) K-Kt3, Q-R7 ch. forcing either stalemate or perpetual.

C: (1) B-K6 ch, K-K1. (2) Kt-B5! P x Kt. (3) K-R5! P-B5. (4) P-B3, K-Q1. (5) K-Kt5! K-K1. (6) K-Kt6, K-Q1. (7) K-R7! Q-Kt. (8) B-B7 mate.
If (7) . . . K-K1. (8) B-Kt2.
If (2) . . . P-Kt4 ch. (3) K-Kt4! K-Q1. (4) Kt-Kt7, followed by B-B7 mate.

In spite of my broad hint about the peregrinating King, many competitors were stumped by **C**. Prizes shared by J. B. Cook, W. T. Maccall, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider. But scarcely less flawless solutions came from E. Allan, E. W. Carmichael, J. R. Harman, Leslie Hale, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 12



ACROSS

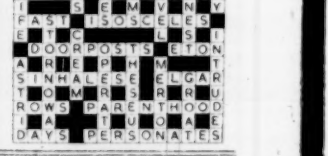
1. Chest sounds like a chesty person (6).
4. Should have been the judge of Cock Robin's murderer? (8).
10. Temple in which there is a god holding a broken throne (9).
11. The ticket for a party before the beginning of the election. (5).
12. Yet they are not used for catching practice (4).
13. Drowsy cattle mechanised (10).
15. Smoke for a brave man in bed (7).
16. Tunnel set (7).
18. The stupid fellows take it down inside them, though they are really for external application (7).
20. Drawing-rooms? (7).
21. Varsity colloquialisms in a Scottish town (10).
23. Move smoothly and rapidly (4).
26. The sea breaks about the sailors (5).
27. The name of a peer who spoils his mother (9).
28. They could make Malan say something different (8).
29. He was Telemachus' (6).

DOWN

1. Hooded fowl? (5).
2. Initial warmth at meeting (5, 4).
3. Being in the choir she would doubtless sing the responses well (4).
5. Where to find the daddy of cricketers? (4, 3).
6. A hawker, not a French song-writer (10).
7. Means of communication for a traveller (5).
8. The defences which will be required when aid lapses? (9).
9. Scatheless (6).
14. Where heads may fall at the fair? (7, 3).
15. Ointment made out of camel cord (4, 5).
17. What to expect at a gin palace? (9).
19. A wise pianist? (7).
20. Guard dispatched to the railway (6).
22. Essays of Pope (5).
24. Poetically dismal (5).
25. Evil point of departure (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 11



PERSONAL

TEMPORARY help with children offered professional family, London, Oct.-Dec. 10s. weekly and accommodation for self and business husband. Box 3326.

CARAVAN site wanted for teacher. London, N.W., W. or S.W. Preferably permanent. With electricity, water. Box 3282.

LADY wishes hit Spain Sept. Finance advantageous. Box 3374 or PRI. 5450.

CAR seats available to drivers round trip Milan via Zurich, approximately September 15 October 7. Box 3288.

ITALIAN young lady, at present in London seeks hospitality with English family as pupil approximately six months. Pocket money welcome. Excellent refs. Box 3328.

HOSPITALITY in Italian judge's home to cultured lady in exch. for similar service from English lady. Box 3359.

BACHELOR (31), seeks interesting companion (male) for continental holiday commencing September 27. Box 3290.

AU Pair. Select French families, Paris, offer 3-9 mths.' stay, pocket money to well-educ. yng. ladies—willing help with children & easy hswk. Refs. exch. Box 3002.

TWO unfurn. rooms, S. of France, small house near Menton. 10s. p.w. Silitrie, 57 Ave. Cernuschi, Menton, A.M., France.

ITALIAN, Spanish, French lessons and trans. Natives. Moderate. TER. 3586.

PIANO lessons for beginners and advanced pupils given by Professor of the Vienna Academy. EUS. 3466, extension 63.

EXPRESS Yourself in saleable writing. No Sales. No Fees. Send for Free N.I. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17, Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

HEALTH treatment, electro-therapy, massage. Qualified practitioners. 18 Rising Hill, Golders Green, N.W.11. SPE. 1491.

REMEDIAL Relaxation with physiotherapy for muscle control, anxiety and rejuvenation. A 7-day intensive residential regime with Vernon Symonds is a practical course in self-help and recovery. Folder "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS. Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

INDIVIDUAL tuition by exp. graduate G.C.E. Maths. to all levels. WEL. 8022.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd. food counter. Meetings, socials, 11gns. avg. WHI. 3678.

PITMAN'S shorthand. Private individual tuition. No classes. Beginners or speed. Day or evening. Tel.: PAD. 1gton 6929.

PERSONAL—continued

AUTUMN holidays? Join small parties of professional people in search of sunshine, good food and cheap wine. Austrian Tyrol Sept. 13; Majorca Sept. 20, Lake Garda Oct. 4; also Isle of Wight and Cornish arrangements. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 9225.

SEE Spain. Autumn—Winter—Spring. Wonderful off season 15-day holidays in Palma, Ibiza, Torremolinos, Malaga, Gibraltar, etc.; from C34 10s. Full details by return from Sec Span Ltd. Dept. N.S., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. 'Phone Museum 9351.

SIGHTSEEING in London? Visit the Fabian Bkshp., 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

ITALY in October. Autumn tour to Rome, Florence, Siena, Perugia, Venice. 16-day holiday for £41, absolutely all inclusive. Ramblers Association Services, 48a, Park Rd., N.W.1.

PIANIST, with special interest in the teaching of systematic technique, has vacancies for a few pupils in London or N. Surrey. Phone Martin Wilson, VIGilant 4528.

OFFICE accommodation for associations, sharing essential services, reasonable charges. Write Research Co-ordination Committee, 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

HINDI-English-Hindi translations, adaptations, commercial correspondence, etc. R. Bhartiya, 22 Ashmount Rd., N.19. ARC. 6397.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

IF you wish to distribute advertising gifts at Christmas or on any other occasion please inspect our large range. Ask for illustrated Catalogue N.4 Richard Hochfeld (London), Ltd., 28 Archway Rd., N.19.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

PHOTOGRAPHY, for Press, Publicity, Commerce and Industry. Specialists in the use of colour. Basil Cox. GER. 3357.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds, Colonic Irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

ROAD accident in 7 involves a dog. Train your dog and keep him alive. Learn how. Write for Correspondence Course Prospectus to (CN) National Canine Defence League, 10 Seymour St., London, W.1.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D.191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PERSONAL—continued

WILSON Steer watercolours for sale. Bargain prices from £6. First-class signed works. Box 3314.

HOUSEBOAT for sale mid London. All elec., converted Thames barge. Box 3278.

AUTUMN Sunshine Holidays. Switzerland (12) 34gns. Riviera (15) 37gns. Cruise (14) 45gns. Italy (17) 49gns. Spain (18) 59gns. Illustrated booklet and expert advice: Allways Travel, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. Chancery 6436-7.

LATE Continental Holidays. For suggestions to suit your preference consult Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. NS, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214-5.

QUICKEN your French. Vocabulet cards, 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36 Downside Road, Sutton, Surrey.

SPANISH Guitar tuition in Segovia method by Len Williams. Classical/Flamenco/Spanish music. Solo or voice accomp. Crses for beginners. Free booklet. Spanish Guitar Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

ARTISTS' Soho Studio open for lessons in painting. Sympathetic analyses and criticisms given of your work in stimulating professional atmosphere. Box 2689.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0820.

GUITAR lessons. Technique, Theory, Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

SOCKS repaired, 3d. per 1-inch hole. B4, ONSW, 6 Silver Cres., W.4. CHI. 0765.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLICATING typing verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

100 accurate verbatim records; competitive rates. Rapide Reporting, 12 Stayner's Rd., E.1. AMH. 1204, STE. 3303.

TYPEWRITING Duplicating offic. executed at reas. charges. Mrs. Houghton, 65 Hawthorne Ave., Elstcote, Middx. Field End 8483.

HAZEL Porteous offers prompt, personal and efficient Typewriting Service. MSS., Short Stories, Plays, Theses, etc. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe. Telephone 390.

AUTHORS' MSS., Scripts, Theses carefully typed. Business documents copied. Mrs. Taylor, 34 Peel St., W.8. PARk 5504.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

TYPING, etc.—continued

MRS. Archer for MSS., Secretarial Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 5230.

WANTED by quick, accurate, experienced typist, copy typing MSS., etc., for execution at home. Moderate charges. Mrs. H. R. Young, 2 Marina Drive, Welling, Kent.

TYPEWRITING Duplicating. Lit. MSS, testimonials, theses a speciality. Accurate, attractive presentation. Personal supervision. Bereton, 91 Priory Rd., N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

DUPLICATING Typing by experts. Dictation separate office. Confidential. Miss Stone, 447 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. Bar 5984.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157, Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 26? Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

SCHOOLS

VACANCIES now, boarders for general theatre training and languages. Six vacancies in nursery school. In Jan.: Domestic Sci. & Secretarial courses. Co-ed. 5-18 yrs. International School, North Curry, Taunton.

THE Middle Way in Education has been practised for the last 5 years with very promising results at a Preparatory School for boys and girls on the Suffolk Coast. Progressive methods have made for mental freedom without sacrificing good manners, a high standard of work and general cleanliness. Exceptionally gd. food and very pleasant background. Pinewoods & sea. Prosp.: Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

STUDIO Nursery School, 6 Clifton Hill, N.W.8. 2-6 years. Mornings 9-12, afternoons, 2-5 or full day. Greatest care is taken to satisfy the particular needs essential to this age group.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. 100 boys and girls, 8-18. Recognised Ministry: 14 teachers—Grammar School curriculum, advanced courses, exceptional facilities Art, Music and Crafts. K. C. Baines, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the Applicant is a man aged 18-64 *inclusive or a woman aged* 18-59 *inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order,* 1952.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Applications are invited for a Senior Lectureship in Classics in the Department of Classics. Salary scale is £800 × £40—£1,000 per annum. In addition a temporary cost of living allowance will be paid, the present rate of which is £272 for a married man or a man with dependants, and £144 per year for others. An improvement in the substantive salary scale in 1953 is anticipated. Membership of the University Teachers' Provident Fund is compulsory. Duties to be assumed on January 2, 1953, or as soon as possible thereafter. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is October 10, 1952.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistants (male) in Italian Section in London. Duties include translation of news bulletins, writing of original material in Italian and reading it at microphone. Qualifications: Italian as a mother tongue, good microphone voice, ability to speak good English and to type, journalistic experience and interest in international and British affairs. Selected candidates will have to pass microphone, translation and essay tests. Appointment normally for three years with salary of £710 per annum (possibly higher for exceptional qualifications). Prospects of promotion during engagement. Vacancies also for temporary relief work (salary at rate of £590). Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "I.P.A., N. Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

MEDICAL Research Council. Applications are invited for the post of statistician to work on the problems of human reproductive performance in Aberdeen. This appointment will be to the Council's Social Medicine Research Unit. The research is a joint one with the Department of Midwifery in the University of Aberdeen. A qualification in statistics (not necessarily medical), or in mathematics with experience of statistical work, is essential. Salary within the range of £500-£750 per annum according to qualifications, with F.S.S.U. provision. Applications, together with the names of two referees, should reach Professor Dugald Baird, Department of Midwifery, University of Aberdeen, Foresterhill, Aberdeen, not later than October 1.

SHROPSHIRE Education Committee. Area Youth Officer.—The Committee are about to make a first appointment as Youth Officer for North-East Shropshire. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women, especially those with wide and successful experience of work in Secondary Schools. The person appointed will be required to recruit, train and advise voluntary youth leaders, to secure adequate provision of youth organisations of all types throughout the area, and to achieve high standards of leisure-time activities, including an element of informal further education. Essential qualifications are a good educational background, experience of the leisure-time needs of young people, and good organising ability. Teaching experience, or specialist qualifications in music or drama, would be an advantage. Salary in the Burnham scale for Assistants, with a special allowance of £50 and travelling expenses on the Authority's scale. Form of application and further particulars will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. The closing date for applications is September 26. H. Martin Wilson, Secretary for Education, County Buildings, Shrewsbury.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Workers (whole- and part-time) required by London County Council as follows: (1) Attendance at boarding special schools for maladjusted children; (2) Duty at Homes for children taken into the Council's Care; (3) Work at child guidance units. Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics and Political Science or other approved qualification required. Approved national salary scale. Positions temporary at first. Particulars on application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), County Hall, London, S.E.1, closing date September 20. (873)

MENTAL Deficiency. London County Council requires Organiser of Occupation Centres to supervise work and staff of 17 centres. Must be qualified and have experience of teaching and training subnormal and mentally deficient children and adults. Salary scale £720-£873, commencing according to experience. Application form and details from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date Sept. 27. (839).

PARIS: Opportunity for young Englishman interested in French drama to work as theatre and film critic. Would write in English but obviously fluent French needed. Salary not princely but sufficient to live on. Fares paid. Qualifications to Box 3343.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

GIRLS' Remand Home. House Matron required at Newport House, Great Baddow, near Chelmsford, a Home for twenty girls. Post offers scope to woman interested in social work and with sympathetic understanding of delinquent girls. Salary £240 × £12—£280 p.a. less £78 for board and lodging. Additional payment is made for any duties necessarily undertaken in excess of 48 hours a week. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPLICATIONS invited by Y.W.C.A. from women with experience in community and administrative work for post as General Secretary of Y.M.Y.W.C.A. Centre at Dagenham. Interest in international and Christian work essential. Apply by letter: Training and Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A., 108 Baker St., W.1.

SECRETARY for Duplicating Bureau, Westminster, capable of dealing with orders and customers. Ability to work conscientiously, methodically and independently; really good command of English; thorough knidge. typewriting, pleasant appearance essntl. No. Sat. work. Permt. post for person with initiative & keenness. State age, educ., exp. Box 3392.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, men and women, for pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, York, Sheffield, Birmingham, London, etc. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

HOUSEMOTHER with training in psychology required immediately for small group intelligent emotionally disturbed children. Tel.: Frensham 142.

FULLY qualified social case worker urgently needed to run Family Welfare Association office. Box 3313.

A SECRETARY (Shorthand Typist, must be a Zionist, is wanted to train for interesting, rewarding, well-paid post as Organiser of a Socialist Women's Organisation. Apply Box 2908.

AN Organiser (married woman) wanted for social work two days a week in London and the Home Counties; some travelling. Age, education and experience marked "A.O." to the Family Planning Association, 64 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

A NURSERY Helper required for Autumn term. Small salary but interesting work and excellent experience in preparation for teacher-training, social work, etc. Apply immediately to Miss Grove, Chelsea Open Air Nursery School, 51 Glebe Place, S.W.3.

A MAID wanted for small modern house with every convenience, fully carpeted. Good wages and cuttings, good home. Boy 12 yrs., at school all day. Write Grant, 58 Southover, Woodside Park, London, N.12.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ADVERTISER, Scottish public school, age 37, speaking Danish, Swedish, German, French, at present in Malaya, seeks change to temperate climate. Previous experience includes 8 years army intelligence, demobilised major, 2 years journalism as foreign correspondent, 9 years timber trade from sawmill trainee to company director. Thorough knowledge all European countries, Canada and Malaya. First-class organiser full of initiative. Present income £1,750 but would consider slightly less to start. Continental residence preferred. Interesting proposals to Box 3287.

WOMAN grad. (Lond.) shs. employment, linguistic or lit. Long exp. translns., technical, commercial, books. Fluent English, German, French. Transl. from Ital., Span., Dutch. Shtnd., typg., sub-editing. Box 3329.

EXPERIENCED sec., S/T., free odd half-days. ARC. 1765, ext. 1/MOU. 1701.

ANY offers to versatile young woman of journalistic or administrative work, full- or part-time? Can edit, sub. & lay-out as well as write. Has fluent German & fair French, good organiser. Write Box 1540.

SOCIAL Studies Graduate (woman, 24), 3 years' exp. Research, interviewing, administration, social case work, seeks post (pref. medical) London. Box 3068.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Jersey herd. Reserve now for September, October and November, when surf-bathing excellent, and "Indian Summer" weather lovely. Golf St. Enodoc. Trout, salmon. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Lundy Bay, Port Quin, Port Gaverne. Under personal supervision Commander & Mrs. Bannerman. Excel. cuisine, all comforts gtd. Port Isaac 234.

WHITSTABLE, Kent. Fiveways Hotel, Tankerton (licensed). Abundant food, first-rate cooking. Beautifully situated in large private grounds, near sea. Special Autumn tariff. A.A. approved. Whitstable 3243.

BUDE, Cornwall, Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & c. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon, Tides Reach Hotel. On the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and glorious walks. Modern standard of comfort, farm produce and an understanding of good food and wine. Vacancies from Sept. 20 to Oct. 18. Tel. 288. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

SWANAGE, Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty spot on South Coast 3 min. sandy beach, h. & c., Continental cooking. Children welcomed. Special terms October. Sgns. Mrs. Golding, "Waveney," 52 Park Rd. Phone 2804.

DEVON & Cornwall. Autumn holidays in well recommended Guest Houses. Reduced inclusive terms from 9½ week Devon, £8 Cornwall, after September 15. Brochure 18 free. Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish. Tel. 2151.

ITALY. Delightful hotel (small village) bathing off terrace. 24s. 6d. p.d. all incl. Le Palme, Limone, Lago di Garda.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel where you find comfort and good food in lovely surroundings. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. Sgns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel for restful autumn holidays. English cooking at its very best. A.A. recommended. Reduced terms from September 15.

AUTUMN Holiday in Scotland—Brook Linn Vegetarian Guest House, Callander, Trossachs 8 m. 4½ gns. Tel. Callander 169.

THREE sisters invite paying guests to quiet country house S.W. of France. Excellent air and food; reasonable. Logis des Frans, à Cherveux, Deux Sèvres.

CORNISH Fishing Village. Vacancies mid September. Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt.-Comdr. Selby.

FOR mild climate in the Autumn, St. Leonards-Hastings. "Morningside Hotel, Tower Rd. West, for "The Perfect Food" in largest variety and for every comfort.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson, N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

BOOK now for Sept./Oct. at congenial private hotel in resort medically commended for late holidays (mild; sunny; sheltered). Informative brochure free on request. £5 5s. to £8 weekly, inclusive early tea, 4 meals daily, coffee, baths, fresh fruit daily. Twin beds; Slumberlands, h. & c. Two comfortable lounges. Well appointed throughout. Fully booked last autumn; recommended by New Statesman readers also members various movements. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best position facing South, near Sun-Lounge (orchestra daily). Opposite covered walk. 3 mile promenade. Phone Hastings 4784.

IDEAL for late autumn holidays. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers good food, comfortable bedrooms with h. & c. and gas fires, delightful surroundings, cosy evenings round the fire.

HOTEL Windsor, Bld. Verdun, Dieppe (facing sea), offers comfortable accom., good food, at reas. rates for week-ends or holiday periods. Also at Clos Normand, Martin Eglise, where excellent free Trout fishing is available. Marcel Lambert, Proprietor.

BUCKS. Enjoy a delightful holiday in the lovely Chiltern Hills just 1 hr. from London. Stay at "The Tapping House" Private Hotel, Great Missenden, a charming & thoroughly comf. XVIIth-cent. house. All h'rms. H. & C.; excel. food; pleas. garden. Tel. 516.

OSTEND. English Hotel, near Beach, Lido, Kursaal. 21s. per day, late Aug. 18s. Sept. Excellent food. Comf., recommended. Hotel Nelson, Deschamps, 14 Rue Louise.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

HOTEL Reservations? Use HOTAC, the time and money-saving Hotel Accom. Service, 93 Baker St., London, W.1. WEL. 2555.

WINTER holidays in the sun. Excellent food. Moderate prices. Good fishing & bathing. Mediterranean fishing village. Anglo-French proprietors. Hostellerie du Gros Pin, Le Brusc, Var.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Drying facilities, hot baths, good food. £4 17s. 6d. p.w. Alpine clothing & equipment & expert guidance available. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards, Table Tennis. Licensed. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach of Eastbourne. Comfy beds. Good food. Te White Hotel, Horam. Telephone: Horeham Rd. 32.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 42 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

SIMPLE accom., friendly people, quiet Pennine valley; bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. From 3½gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

LAKES. Charm. old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 334.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

PENARTH "Vegetarian Guest Ho." Resident. S. Wales coast. Ideal situ. Pleasnt. bed resort. O'Tag. stn. Attractive catering. Brochure.

RYE. The Hope Anchor Hotel. A.A. approved, licensed. Perfect setting for Summer and Autumn holidays. Rye 2216.

SOCIALIST hotel for Socialist guests, "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea. Tel. Hastings 4571.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Open 6 days a week, including week-ends. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. HOL. 5088.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

REMNANTS sale, generous household parcels, assorted two- to four-yard lengths. White Cotton Remnants, width 40 52in., for sheets, pillow slips, 21s. parcel. Floral Cotton Prints, width 36in., small floral pattern, for dresses and curtains, 25s. parcel. Plus 1s. 6d. postage. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send 6d. for catalogue of 50 different Remnant Bargain Parcels. Celtic, Ltd. (Dept. 23), Mail Order Stores, Bedford.

COME to the Kynance Gallery for contemporary pottery, paintings and lamps at moderate prices. 1 Kynance Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7. Monday-Saturday, 10-6.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3839/6046.

DUPL. Paper Rm. qto. 12s. 6d. W. Wynn, 7 Newton Ave., N.10. (TUD 8262).

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Parrott (Ni), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 5903.

LEARN Shorthand by October 4 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

BE wise today; you can improve your leisure. Tom Long will fill your pipe with pleasure.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"IN Russia they pursued their 'search' of social and economic facts in a spirit of honest inquiry."—said News Chronicle's A. J. Cummings of "Quakers Visit Russia," the report of a mission to Moscow, available at 6s. 10d. (by post) from Dept. N, Friends Book Centre, Euston Road, N.W.1.

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Poston, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. September issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 5s. net (40s. p.a.)

BOOKS! Thousands available; lists, stamp; state interests. Stebbings, 28 (NS) Dean Road, N.W.2.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s. 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s. Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111, Buchanan St., Blackpool.

ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 8s. ($1.50). Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"VEDANTA for East & West," bi-monthly. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

BOOKS bought and found. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN Literature wtd.; sold. Continental Book Supply, 38A Whitechurch Lane, E.1. MOU. 1482 by appointment only.

WANTED to buy. Books on Theology, Philosophy, Psychology, History, Countryside Libraries, Ltd., Hitchin, Herts.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14 FUL. 7924.

BOOKS secondhand posted. Write for free lists. Silversdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 18a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

AT Barons Court. Price £1,650. House well converted into 5 self-contained flats. Vacant possession of one flat containing 3 rooms, kitchen and bathroom. Remainder let and producing £366. £2s. per ann. Lease 24 years. Ground rent £15. Near District & Piccadilly Line Stations and bus routes. Apply Cookes & Burtell, opp. West Kensington Station, W.14. FUL. 6070, 3101.

ENTERTAINMENTS

BALLETS Negres. 20th Century Theatre, W.11. 3 wks. Sept. 2. Evgs. 8. Thurs. 2.30. New Ballets. Berto Pasuka. PAR. 9982.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Mon. next and exgs. 7.0. Alec Clunes in Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell." Two weeks only. Mems. 5s. yrly.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. "The Swedenhelms" ends Sat. 7.30. Fr. Tu. Sept. 9, evs. 7.30. Sun. 6. Grand Guignol. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30. Sun. 9.0. "Just Lately," an intimate late-night Revue. Membership 5s. yrly.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. "Mild & Bitter." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. From Sept. 8, Becker's "Edouard et Caroline" (A). "Animated Genesis" (A). From Sept. 15: Becker's "Antoine et Antoinette" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Ady. 3331. Sun., Sept. 7, 7.30. "Twilight Hour" (A).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sunday excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 20. Tkts., 4s. to 8s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents. 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s., available nightly at doors only.

MAJLIS Mela: Sept. 13, Holborn Hall, from 11 a.m. Indian fete. Folk-songs, dances bazaar, funfair, puppet, films & Exhibition of Indian painting & photography. (Sept. 13, 14 & 15). Tickets at gate.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club, Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

MRS. Hewlett Johnson opens London Peace Fête Saturday afternoon, Sept. 13, King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11.

DANCE organised by Central London Fabian Society, Sat., Sept. 6, 7.30 p.m. The Art-Workers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Square, W.C.1. Adm. at door, 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue with Supplement 6d. post free.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council from Sat., Sept. 6, 10-8 daily, an Exhibition of the work of six Hampstead artists, painting, pottery and fabrics, at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead. Adm. free.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art Paintings Crafts. R.I. Galls., 195 Piccadilly W.1. 10-5-30. Till Sept. 29. 1s. Child 6d.

CONTEMPORARY Colour Lithography from Cincinnati Art Museum. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Sept. 16. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Five Young Contemporaries and Recent Work by Hugh MacKinnon.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Hunterian Collection exhibition extended to Sept. 15. Adm. free. Wkdys. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Undergd.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Vilmo Gibello. Paintings by Nano Reid. Private View Wednesday, September 10, at 3 o'clock.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise Part II. 200 Paintings and Watercolours from 10gns. to £850. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth. British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Earl Haig; continuation of the Summer Exhibition. Hours 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Exhibition closes September 27.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. "Names to Remember." Second Version.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Full display of Regency furniture, gold plate & historical relics. 10-7 daily including Sundays.

OLD Tithe Barn, Ashford-in-the-Water, Nr. Bakewell, Derbyshire. Mrs. Werthheim's Collection. Modern paintings, sculpture and 17th Cent. paintings. Div. inc. Suns. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ALL Nations Social Club. The Challenge of Asia. "Afghanistan Speaks to the People of all Nations," by R. Farhwak (press and cultural attache to Royal Afghan Embassy by courtesy of His Royal Highness the Afghan Ambassador). "Indonesia Speaks to the People of All Nations," by Sudjoko Hudonodo (publicity officer to the Indonesian Embassy by courtesy of His Excellency). Thursday, September 11, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "The Universities, Broadcasting, The Press and The Arts." Conway Hall, Wednesday, September 10, at 7.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. Sept. 13, 6 p.m. French film, "Les Visiteurs du Soir."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

REPORT on Poland—members of four delegations this year report on how the people of Poland work and live. Speakers include two engineers, foundry and building worker, Co-operator and housewife. Chairman: Gordon Schaffer. Programme includes Polish Folk Dances. Friday, September 5, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Tickets 6d. from British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1, or at door.

IN Memoriam. Dr. Kurt Schumacher, late Chairman Socialdemocratic Party Germany. Mon., Sept. 8, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns., Morgan Phillips, Sec. Labour Pty., Julius Braunthal, Sec. Sc. Internat.-Ass. Germ. Socialdemocr.

VIETNAM. Independence Day—British, Vietnam, French Speakers, Vietnam songs and music. Chairman, Commander E. Young. Small Conway Hall, 8 p.m., Sept. 17.

LONDON Jewish Graduates Assoc. Sun., Sept. 14, at 7.30 p.m. Reception at the Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth Street, W.C.2. Graduates and members of the learned professions who have not previously attended functions of the Assoc. may obtain complimentary tickets from Miss B. Dubow, 116 Hendon Way, N.W.2. Members 5s.

LONDON Jewish Graduates Assoc. Mon., Sept. 8. Mr. A. D. Howell Smith on "The Origin of Christianity." Arts Theatre Club, 6-6 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

HENDON Arts Together (incorporating Hendon Poetry Society, Experimental Art Club, Music Group): talks, discussions, exhibitions; lecture course: Introduction to the Arts; painting classes; hire and hire-purchase of paintings. Full particulars from: Secretary, 32 Brent St., N.W.4.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Sept. 10, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Trades Union Congress"—Eric Wigham ("The Times" Labour Correspondent). 2s.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2. (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. Sept. 7: "Theosophy's Teaching on Sleep and Dreams."

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.45, Fri., Sept. 5. The Rev. A. G. Ashdown: "Modern Religious Aims."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ARCHITECTURE. Town Planning and the Citizen. Week-end School org. by Cent. London Fabian Soc. at Lodge Hill, Pulborough, Sept. 19-21. Speakers include O.H. Koenig-beger and W. G. Boyes. Send s.a.e. with booking to Mrs. Drain, 87 Fitzjohn's Avenue, London, N.W.3.

IDEAS about Ideas: Harold Walsby, Sept. 12-15. I Define my Religion: Seton Pollock, Sept. 19-22. Does it Matter What We Do? J. N. Glaister, Sept. 26-29. Weekend lecture-discussions at Brazier's Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Tel.: Checkendon 221.

URCHFONT Manor. Selected October Courses: September 29-October 4: "On the Staff." A fresh look at the position of the staff in modern industry and the relationship between clerical and manual work. October 14-19: "Modern Literature." An estimate of the permanently valuable in the post-1918 classics. The week will close with an extended study of T. S. Eliot. Details and full Autumn Programme from the Warden (A. Urchfont Manor, Devizes).

MR. Charles Neil, Principal of the Isobel Cripps Centre, will run two special courses in Psycho-somatic Re-education beginning early October: (1) for qualified medical practitioners interested in the latest developments in postural re-education and relaxation; (2) for ordinary men and women who realise that they can benefit by learning to use their bodies more effectively. Details from Secy., I.C.C., 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11. PARK 7222.

LEISURE-Time Courses in "Marriage and the Home," "The Elizabethan Age," "Story of London," "The Bible in a Scientific Age," "The Literary Scene To-day," and 50 other courses in philosophy, art, music, drama, travel, languages, crafts, photography, fencing and folk dancing. Common Room, Library and Canteen. Commence Sept. 22. Enrol from Sept. 15. Apply for Syllabus (free), Registrar, Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1816.

BECOME your own Economist. Free ten-week courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy. Beginning Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, September 23, 25 and 26, at Westminster, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. (alternative days). Write now for prospectus to The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., Westminster, S.W.1 (ABB. 6665).

COLLEGE of Physical Education, Fredensborg, Denmark. One year training course for men teachers especially adapted for British & Commonwealth students. Recog. by Chief Inspector of Phys. Educ., Denmark. Dir. in English by Svend Holtze. Coming Oct. Fee £225 incl. board. Write Principal.

PRACTICAL Journalism. Part-Time and Full-Time Courses. West Ham College, Romford Road, E.15. Enrolment Sept. 15-19.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency announce their usual 4-year Diploma Course in Social Studies (London University Extension Lectures) covering Social Structure (1st year), Social Psychology (2nd year), Social Philosophy (3rd year), and Criminology and the Psychology of Delinquency (4th year). 24 weekly evening lectures of 2 hours, starting late September. Fee £1 per year for 1st, 2nd and 3rd years (3 hs. for 4th year) or 2s. per lecture. Further details from General Secretary, I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., London, W.1.

RUDOLF Steiner Education. The Autumn Term of the weekend training course in Steiner Educational principles and methods begins Oct. 8. For details & syllabus apply Training Course Sec., Waldorf School (Hampstead), 101, Fitzjohn's Ave., London, N.W.3.

LEARN your Economics at the Henry George School. Free ten-week courses in Basic Economics held in Croydon, Ilford, Battersea, Southgate, Harrow, Bromley and Bermondsey areas, Glasgow, Manchester, Blackburn, Portsmouth. Write for full particulars. The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., London, S.W.1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre. School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals. 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8534-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work. Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Telephone: Park 4465.

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1780.

MEDICAL Secretaryships. Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Managerships. Cert. Bk.-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 8d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

ALL Modern Languages at Language Centre, Gaston Rd., Hampstead. Spectality English for foreigners. Experienced teachers, moderate fees. HAM. 9097.

SHORTHAND-Typewriting. The North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., London, N.W.5, offers half-time six-month intensive courses. Next courses September 22. Call, write or phone GUI.liver 1154, ext. 11.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Training (Gregg), also evng. classes shorthand typewriting. Frances King, 3 Harrington Rd., S.W.7.

MODERN Dance-Technique-Rhythm-Expression. Classes for Adults, Children. Creative method of teaching. New term comm. Sept. Apply Hilde Holger School, 27 Oval Rd., Regent's Park, N.W.1. GUL. 6822.

LONDON Dance & Movement Centre. Autumn meetings, 7 p.m. Sats. Sept. 27—Costume—Sigurd Leeder. Oct. 25—Period Dancing—Social & Personal Significance—Belinda Quiery. Nov. 29—Mime. Practice & Techniques—Joan Lawson. Leeder Studio, 46a Regent Sq., W.C.1. Ter. 1915. Ann. Mem. £1 1s. Monthly 2s. 6d.

DANCE Studio Lilian Harmel. Modern Dance, Basic and Recreative Movement Classes. Eurhythmics, Percussion for children, 48 2 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 3500.

LONDON Dance & Movement Centre. Classes & Courses for Teachers and Performers. Particulars: S.A.E., Course Secretary, 50 Wilton Crescent, S.W.19.

ELISE Miers holds life class Tues. 8-10. W'end painting stage design. MAI. 2413.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tamas Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c., garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns.; few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1600. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Meals optional.

NEWLY dec. furn. rms., clkg. facs., c.h.w., use bath, gdn. PAR. 4651 Box 3166.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

FLAT, furn., self-cont., dble. bedroom, sitting room, kitch., bath., w.c. Finchley, mid-Sept. Professional tenant preferred. £18 4s. monthly. FIN. 6943.

YOUNG lady offers attractive furn. room in modern flat W.8, to similar. All heating, use kit. and bathrm. £3 p.w. Box 3306.

S.W.1. Near Eaton Square. To let min. 8 mths. beg. Nov. Attrac. furn. 1st floor flat suit 1 2 adults. Full kit. equipt. Bthrm., c.h.w. Rent £6 6s. incl. elec. light, linen, china, cutlery, tel. Refs. reqd. Box 3113.

OCCUPANT wanted, largeish divan room (fully furnished). Kitchen, domestic service, all general exps., 45s. Young professional worker prefd. Swiss Cottage. Box 3164.

WRITER'S household, attractive room, Hamilton Terrace, ideal for student, business girl, cost reasonable in exchange agreed number trouble-free babysitting evenings. Full independence. Box 3151.

GIRL student wishes business girl (pref. Scots) to share rooms, Finchley, London, from September 21. Write 2786, Wm. Porteous & Co., Glasgow.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furn. service room with breakfast & dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143, Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6260.

ST. John's Wood. Attractive maisonette to let furn. 3 bed. 2 rec. kit. bath. garden, 11 gns. weekly. From Sept. Box 3138.

N.6. Good-sized sunny furn. rm. Gas ring, fire, meter, 35s. p.w. MOU. 5605.

WOMAN writer wants congenial tenant for 1 or 2 rooms in Westminster flat. C.h.w., use tel. 3 or 4gns. ABBey 7187.

TO let, attractive mews flat (furn.) 1 min. S. Kensington Stn. Sept. 15-Oct. 11. Sleep 2 or 3. Garage, char-woman, 'frige., etc. 10gns. p.w. Box 3401.

S.C., newly built, furnished flat, 2 rooms, kitchen, bathroom, to let in Georgian terrace in a Bloomsbury square. Vacant early October. 6gns. per week. Box 3122.

N.W.3. Fine double-rooms vacant, furn., one with grand piano. 22, Belsize Avenue. PRI. 1043.

SPACIOUS bed-sit. room. Professional, business. Newly furn., decorated. Use kit., bath. No service, linen. 2gns. p.w. 41 Willberforce Rd., Finsbury Park, N.4.

WESTMINSTER, smallish bed-sit. rm. in pleas. priv. house, clkg. facils., cleaning, linen, etc. 45s. p.w. VIC. 6989.

PLEASANT, comf. furn. room. Bus. lady/student. 1st flr. S. Kens. FRE. 2981.

BUNGALOW, N.W.11. 3 bed., garage, to let furn. 1 yr. end Oct. Box 3267.

GRAD. & wife offer 2 sgl. b.-sitting rms., clkg. facs. Pleasant home, Hampstead. 45s. & 55s. 6d. (lge. front room). No petty restrictions. AMB. 0632 after 6 p.m.

SPEEN, Bucks. 5 miles High Wycombe. 35 miles London. Beautiful country. Main water, Elect. Furnished bedroom and sitting room, to let in country cottage. Use kitchen, bath, garden. Suit couple or two friends. Apply Coleman, Speen, Aylesbury, Bucks.

EDITOR'S widow offers furn. chalet-bungalow, on crest terraced garden, glorious view North Downs. October to March: 2 rooms, kit., glassed-in verandah, elec., main water (and sanitation, outside), pref. to mature adult, self-contained, civilized and solvent. 25s. p.w., inc. elec. Lundon, Sunningvale Ave., Biggin Hill, Kent. (6 min. Green Line buses, 1 hour Victoria.) Tel. Biggin Hill 0193.

AVAILABLE October 1st for one year well-furn. s.c. principal part house in Hertford town, 4-5 bedrooms, telephone, garage, large garden well stocked fruit and veg. 6½ gns. weekly, including gardener. Box 3191.

VERSATILE young couple, much-travelled, wife excellent Continental clkg., offer cook/market wash-up (wkday. lunches exc.), sit in evngs., wkends., for appreciative bachelor/couple in (part) exch. bijou furn. 7 rms., bath. Cent. Lond. mthly. basis. Box 3094. WES. 0081 evg.

YOUNG prof. couple, wife Indian, husband British, urgently requires furn./unfurn. flat/rooms, preferably S.C., South East London, but grateful any offer—Box 2765.

WILL anyone rent unfurn. attic, basement similar modest acc. with sep. clkg. facils. N. Lond. to woman Local Govt. officer? Unobtrusive tenant. Box 3251.

YNG. pianist urg. reqs. lge. quiet room (unfurn. /furn.). London. Box 3266.

MUSIC student (f. reqs. room with piano, with or without board. Must be allowed practice. Moderate charge. Box 3279.

4 STUDENTS want share accom. inc. 1 large room. Central London. J. Spears, 14 Monmouth Rd., Southwick, Staffs.

JEWISH girl (early twenties) seeks bed-sitting room; full board, except week-day lunches; maximum half an hour West End; moderate charges. Box 3269.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. 5 for dates; date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8741.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 274 and 275

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.